

Boys in The Aviary, Baby

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Boys in The Aviary, Baby

by [xandermarting98](#)

Summary

After spending hours upon hours deliberately coming up with the most utterly ridiculous and blatantly fetish-y idea possible for a new episode of Space Dandy, I'm pretty sure that it finally hit me: why not just have Dandy and QT go inside Meow's brain and then use it to relentlessly torture him for (more or less) the pure sake of it? (AUTHOR'S NOTE: This story is absolutely BEGGING for an animated adaptation, and also is a parody of the episode "Toys In The Attic" from Cowboy Bebop)

Chapter 1

BOYS IN THE AVIARY, BABY

by XanderMartin98 (honestly, who else would something like this be written by?)

One incredibly fateful afternoon in the ever-so-incalculably vast reaches of outer space, in the central command room of Dr. Gel's dearly beloved Spaceship Of Liberty, the "super-intelligent" Gel and his ever-so-faithful assistant (Bea) were indeed rather deeply engaged...not in some sort of incredibly bizarre interspecies romantic relationship with each other, mind you, but rather in a scaldingly heated debate regarding exactly WHAT sort of obscenely contrived evil scheme would be the most effective for them to hatch next in the process of their exhaustingly endless quest to finally catch their increasingly notorious Dandy arch-nemesis once and for all (before then, apparently far less importantly, proceeding to harness his seemingly boundless Pyonium energy for the greater good of Gogol Empire civilization from there). Needless to say, the two of them were quite clearly running out of ideas to a simply outrageous extent that would quite frankly put even the Spongebob Squarepants writers to shame, and their commander (Admiral Perry, who appeared as a flaming skeletal ghost king on their command monitor) was most definitely far from amused by their perpetually un-productive and meandering antics, to say the least.

"Alright, that's PLENTY enough of your senseless, fruitless bickering between each other for one day, you ridiculously incompetent FOOLS!" Admiral Perry (more accurately, his aforementioned virtual avatar) suddenly appeared on Gel's and Bea's command monitor and furiously thundered at both of them, causing the two of them to immediately stop what they were doing and reflexively flinch in terror at the mere sound of his voice.

"Um, w-we SINCERELY apologize, good sir! It won't happen again, we PROMISE! Please spare us, PLEASE!" Gel and Bea got down onto their hands and knees and pathetically begged Admiral Perry while he just disgustedly scoffed at them and muttered "with servants like these" underneath his breath in response.

"Fine, I suppose I will...in exchange, however, you two had DAMNED better come up with at least one relatively decent, non-entirely-predictable scheme for capturing Dandy and then immediately relay it to me within at MOST the next five minutes from now, or else you can absolutely kiss your sorry excuses for LIVES, let alone careers, goodbye!" Admiral Perry angrily warned Gel and Bea while they just begrudgingly got back up onto their feet, nodded their heads and struggled to regain their breath in response.

"Well, if push comes to shove, I suppose that we could always just tie his pathetically weak, incompetent and useless sidekicks up with some of our good old space rope, then slowly but surely lower them into one of our numerous frightfully massive vats of acid until he inevitably comes to save them like the obnoxiously naive walking superhero caricature that he clearly most certainly is..." Gel rested his left cheek on the palm of his corresponding hand and boredly, tiredly suggested as he ever-so-astonishingly-meticulously checked his right hand for hangnails.

"I said NON-entirely-predictable!" Admiral Perry infuriatedly roared at Gel, who simply rolled his eyes and resentfully groaned in response while Perry seethingly (but thankfully emptily) threatened to permanently halve his salary as punishment for said eye-rolling and resentful groaning.

"In all fairness, though, the Dandy-capturing method that Gel just suggested actually COULD, in fact, theoretically end up being shockingly effective against Dandy despite its rather embarrassingly primitive and done-to-death nature, you know!" Bea listlessly shrugged his

shoulders and annoyedly reminded Admiral Perry.

"Yeah, yeah, and I suppose that Kryptonite could also theoretically end up being shockingly effective against him..." Admiral Perry bitterly snarked while Gel and Bea exasperatedly tossed their arms out beside themselves and gave each other rather profoundly distinct "can you even freaking BELIEVE this absolute horse shit" looks in response.

"Well then, TELL me, Mister Perfect; can you really come up with any BETTER suggestions for dealing with someone as utterly batshit crazy as Dandy is?!" Gel shook his fists at Admiral Perry and angrily, sarcastically asked him.

"Hmm...you know what? Now that you mention it, yes...yes, I CAN come up with a better idea, actually!" Bea had a positively orgasmic Sudden Eureka Moment (complete with him enthusiastically pointing his right index finger straight up into the air as a brightly glowing lightbulb suddenly appeared directly above his already-rather-cartoonishly eggplant-shaped head, naturally) and ecstatically proclaimed while Gel and Admiral Perry just nonchalantly sighed "and THAT would be?" in response.

"Look, I know that this might seem like an incredibly alien concept to you two, but instead of wasting so much effort on trying to capture Dandy OUR-selves, how about we simply let him and those downright hilariously awful sidekicks of his slowly but surely destroy THEM-selves?" Bea suggested while Gel and Admiral Perry just confusedly cocked their eyebrows at him and ever-so-curiously asked him "and HOW, exactly?".

"Well, just THINK about it for a second; the omnipotent god that watches us from above and extremely-campily narrates every single major event of our lives is also the very same omnipotent god that has us stuck in this seemingly endless time loop in which none of the extremely bad and often outright lethal things that constantly happen to us ever actually matter in the grand scheme of things because they're all just going to be instantly undone shortly after their occurrences anyway, right?" Bea extremely long-windedly explained to Gel and Admiral Perry while the former of the two just flabbergastedly scratched his head with his right index finger and flatly asked "say what?" in response.

"Well, yes, but how exactly do you even KNOW about all of this stuff, pardon my asking? Are you perhaps some kind of shameless mercenary SPY, by any chance?" Admiral Perry VERY worriedly asked Bea.

"Never mind that!" Bea frustratedly and very hastily replied, with his eyes rapidly and VERY nervously darting back and forth as he did so while Gel and Admiral Perry tightly closed their own eyes, clapped their hands together and very sincerely prayed to their aforementioned god (me, to be exact) that Bea was on THEIR side rather than that of their REAL main enemy (the Jaicro Empire).

"The REAL point that I'm trying to make here is this: whenever this so-called 'god' of ours inexplicably rewinds us back to life after we die, he essentially RE-WRITES our existences as a whole, does he not?" Bea assertively pointed out to Gel and Admiral Perry while the two of them just worriedly but wordlessly stared at him in response, honestly unsure of exactly HOW to respond to what he was saying.

"Well, assuming that such a thing is indeed the case, let's see what happens if/when I decide to send this so-called 'god' of ours a rather...well, morally questionable little request that I've been secretly thinking about sending him behind Gel's back for quite some time now, shall we?" Bea smugly concluded his explanation, eagerly pulling out his smartphone from the depths of his pants and then immediately proceeding to dial my exact hotline number on it as he did so.

"How and why does BEA, of all people, know our god's exact phone number?" Gel almost-audibly thought to himself as I, surely enough, pulled out my OWN smartphone and dutifully answered Bea's call.

"Why, hello there, Mr. Narrator; how ARE things, good sir?" Bea smugly greeted me with a truly devilish ear-to-ear grin on his face, being so clearly up to no good that I would have easily been able to hear his unmistakably malicious intent seeping through his voice even without being able to see him (or already knowing beforehand how much of a traitorous psychopath he actually was, for that matter).

"Oh, fine, I suppose...there's not really much for me to talk about right now, but assuming that you have some sort of supposedly important request for me, I would definitely be more than happy to hear it." I rather (ironically) meekly replied while Bea's smile grew even more unsettlingly wide and shit-eating in response.

"Oh, you'd sure as Hell better BELIEVE that I've got an important request for YOU, mister!" Bea chuckled every bit as insufferably smugly as ever, leaving me unable to ask anything other than "and that would be?" in response.

"In order to break the rather ironic monotony of Dandy's, Meow's and QT's 'eat, sleep, inadvertently make fun of various pop culture tropes, rinse and repeat' lives, why don't you try re-writing Dandy and QT into complete fetish-crazed psychopaths with absolutely no respect for Meow and pretty much no human decency altogether, so that they can then proceed to infiltrate the poor little weeaboo freeloader kitten's body and hijack his brain for the express purpose of completely and utterly RUINATING his entire life for their own revoltingly selfish amusement?" Bea rather...disturbingly over-excitedly suggested, even causing Gel and Admiral Perry to rather nervously look at each other and make several mocking "cuckoo" noises at the sadistic bastard's expense in response while I myself audibly shuddered at the mere thought of actually doing/making what Bea was requesting.

"REALLY, Bea? You really don't think that the animated show business has awful enough of a reputation for 'torture porn' episodes already? Not even after Ren Seeks Help (Ren & Stimpy Adult Party Cartoon), Ball Of Revenge (Courage The Cowardly Dog) and One Coarse Meal (Spongebob Squarepants)?" I disgustedly pointed out to Bea...but sadly to absolutely no avail whatsoever.

"Silly narrator, don't you know? You can NEVER have quite enough torture porn in THIS world, ya FOOL!" Bea angrily growled at me, with Gel and Admiral Perry both being every bit as visibly frightened as I was by the sheer amount of animalistic passion that had suddenly been infused into his normally extremely dorky and meek-sounding voice; needless to say, if there was ANYONE in that command room who TRULY meant business when it came to being outright PURELY evil, it was most DEFINITELY him.

"I REALLY don't get paid enough for this shit, let me tell you..." I rather self-resentfully sighed on the collective behalf of literally all of my fellow members of the Space Dandy production crew as I (immensely) reluctantly began following Bea's request, already knowing FAR too well how much the animation community (ESPECIALLY the increasingly infamous "anime elitist" part of it) was later going to end up utterly despising me for doing so.

(cue the Space Dandy intro)

Chapter 2

(actual episode begins)

One incredibly boring afternoon in the ever-so-ludicrously tacky and frivolous cluster-fuck of blatantly impractical and needlessly flashy design decisions that was Dandy's dearly beloved Aloha Oe spaceship (in rather remarkably stark contrast to Jet Black's simple yet practical Bebop spaceship), our "heroes" (Dandy, QT and Meow) were all extremely busy doing essentially nothing whatsoever while said Aloha Oe of theirs ever-so-aimlessly floated through outer space and did much of the same; Meow was downright pathetically lazing about in his dark, filthy room and binge-watching anime (while also binge-eating all sorts of ridiculously unhealthy food, no less) like the gluttonous, freeloading sack of shit that he clearly more-than-kind-of was, while Dandy and QT were almost-equally-pathetically lazing about in the former's blatantly ego-stroking douche museum of a room in a clearly failing attempt to successfully come up with anything non-alien-hunting-related, non-fishing-related and also non-Hooters-related that Dandy could possibly do for his personal entertainment WITHOUT having to mindlessly sit in front of a computer, handheld gaming system or television screen all day in order to do it.

"Damn it, this freaking SUCKS! There aren't ANY worthwhile aliens nearby for us to hunt as far as I know, BooBies is closed all FREAKING day, we're already pretty much COMPLETELY out of actually good food that DOESN'T somehow relate to frozen dinners and/or potato chips due to how much of an absolutely DISGUSTING hedonistic pig Meow has indeed turned out to be, we're also quite nearly out of both ship fuel AND money for it, my otherwise beautiful pompadour now has SEVERAL loose hairs sticking out of it...good LORD, man, what the hell ISN'T going wrong today?" Dandy threw his arms straight up into the air and angrily ranted as he exhaustedly laid face-up atop his bed while QT boredly (not to mention incredibly fruitlessly) searched through his (Dandy's) comic book stash for something actually worth reading.

"Well, I mean, at least our ship is still in generally good condition, I suppose..." QT annoyed sighs as he rather reluctantly opened up one of Dandy's Ant-Man comic books and ever-so-adorably-curiously began skimming his way through it due to his overall lack of anything better to do.

"HA! Easy for YOU to say, you freaking over-glorified vacuum cleaner! Have you even SEEN what Meow's room probably looks like right about now? Jesus, I'm honestly more than willing to bet that even his freaking INTERNAL ORGANS are considerably less of a disgusting mess than that god-forsaken pig sty!" Dandy folded his arms behind his head and somewhat nauseatedly laughed while QT terrifiedly, shiveringly stammered "please don't remind me" in response.

"Say...speaking of which, Meow's been living IN that utterly abysmal room of his for practically a whole YEAR now and, as far as I know, has literally never even bothered to TRY to clean any part of it in even the most basic and least physical-energy-consuming of ways...not to mention that, unlike QT, I also haven't even checked on it in the past...oh, I dunno, roughly EIGHT MONTHS or so because I simply became too afraid of its potential contents to even be able to bring myself to look at it anymore...meanwhile, QT himself is rather evidently too afraid to even TELL me about whatever the hell's going on in there...gee, I sure do wonder what it looks like in there NOW..." Dandy got back up (technically down) onto his feet and rather nervously thought out loud to himself as he suddenly heard Meow walk out of said utterly abysmal room of his for a presumably extremely urgent trip to the Aloha Oe's nearest bathroom.

"Well, there's a first time for everything, I suppose..." Dandy audibly gulped and increasingly-

worriedly thought to himself as he leisurely strolled his way out of his own room and, from there, straight over to the front door of Meow's room, with QT luckily being smart enough to simply stay in Dandy's room and continue looking at his aforementioned Ant-Man comic book instead.

"Here goes nothing, I guess..." Dandy begrudgingly sighed as the front door of Meow's room automatically but VERY slowly opened itself (after a rather questionably long warning delay, no less) to reveal SUCH an absolute (eldritch) abomination of a room that, as it turned out, Dandy actually HADN'T, in fact, been kidding about its downright unspeakable awfulness after all.

There were many VERY clearly visible dirt and food stains (not to mention fungal growths) covering the room's walls, ceiling AND floor, the room's air itself had become a sickly greenish-brownish color and contained numerous ALSO clearly visible mold spores, there were straight-up mountains of rotten food waste strewn all over the place (complete with oozing, bluish-green melted cheese drippings, along with bean cans whose remaining contents had enough fuzz growing on them to almost rival Meow's actual fur coat, ramen noodle cups whose remaining contents were moving about like tentacles, and even at least one half-eaten tuna fish sandwich that was actually BREATHING), the room's monitor screens had all kinds of literal bugs smeared all over them, there were numerous overflowingly poop-filled socks also strewn all over the place, and even the multiple anime character body pillows present in the room were all distinctly semen-soaked and sweat-yellowed. Luckily, the room was encased in a downright impossibly powerful anti-bacterial forcefield in order to prevent its quite plainly repugnant filth from actually spreading to any of the other regions of the spaceship that it occupied, but there was still absolutely no excuse whatsoever for it to be in this type of condition...or so Dandy thought, at least, as his pupils gradually shrank smaller and smaller in abject fear and disbelief with each grotesquely disgusting and putrid detail that he noticed about the room.

"SLAM!" the door finally went as Dandy frantically forced it back shut using its Emergency Lock button, then tremblingly pressed his palms against it and spent several speechless seconds looking straight down at the thankfully clean floor outside of Meow's room and taking VERY deep breaths in an attempt to stop himself from COMPLETELY wigging out over what he had just seen...needless to say, however, said attempt was rather understandably COMPLETELY unsuccessful to say the LEAST.

"Hey, man, what's up? You're not thinking about making me clean my room by any chance, are you?" Meow suddenly came back out from the bathroom and rather smugly asked Dandy, dragging a rather suspiciously thick hazmat suit along the floor behind himself as he did so while Dandy just continued wordlessly breathing in traumatic terror.

"Meow, please just allow me...to ask you something." Dandy tremblingly whispered to Meow with an amount of just-BARELY-repressed anger that the word "seething" absolutely did not even BEGIN to describe. "Why does your room...look almost EXACTLY...like that fucking Ganymede Mold Lobster monstrosity...that Spike accidentally grew in one of his refrigerators back when he was still alive...in room form?" he continued, already beginning to visibly reach his boiling point as he spoke.

"Dunno, Dandy; why did YOU have to almost EXACTLY re-enact the original scene that said monstrosity appeared in?" QT suddenly waltzed into the hallway with Dandy's Ant-Man comic book still in his hands and snidely pointed out.

"Can you really BLAME me?" Dandy threw his arms out beside himself and irritatedly yelled at QT.

"Well, no..." QT dejectedly sighed in response, sincerely wishing he had more confidence that his

cleaning capabilities actually WERE, in fact, powerful enough to handle the absolute living nightmare that Meow's room had become as Meow himself finally, at long last, mustered the courage to speak.

"Well, you see, the thing is, I was KIND OF, SORT OF deliberately trying to set a new Guinness Universe Record for having the outright nastiest room in the entire universe so that we could PERHAPS be rewarded with a nice, juicy cash prize for said accomplishment; hey, if nothing else, I think it's PROBABLY safe to say that I definitely succeeded in achieving my GOAL, at least! HEH HEH!" Meow VERY submissively got down into crab-walk position, backed himself up against the nearest wall in an extremely cowardly fashion and began awkwardly and nervously chuckling as Dandy (literally) steamingly stomped his way toward him with his hands clenched into violently shaking fists and his shadow looking more ominous than ever before.

"YOU'RE DAMNED RIGHT, YOU FUCKING SUCCEEDED, YOU MISERABLE, FESTERING, BLOATED, MALODOROUS, FREELOADING, INVOLUNTARILY CELIBATE SACK OF SHIT!" Dandy furiously screamed at Meow at the tops of his ever-loving lungs, grabbing him by his comically oversized giraffe neck with both hands and shaking him like a rag doll while the (monetarily) poor kitten developed a rather distinctly blue/purple facial discoloration and began loudly choking and gasping for air in response.

"DO YOU HAVE ANY FREAKING IDEA HOW EXPENSIVE OF A CLEANING CREW WE'RE GOING TO NEED FOR YOUR ROOM AT THIS POINT?! WELL?! DO YOU?!" Dandy disgustedly yelled at Meow, throwing him back down onto the floor with downright brutally extreme force while QT smugly went "AHEM" in response.

"But...D-Dandy...it actually HAS b-been...ph-photographically AND video-graphically...c-confirmed that I DO, in fact...h-have the filthiest room in existence...we're g-going to win...t-ten million woolongs for it..." Meow weakly stammered and sputtered, horrifiedly cradling his neck in his own hands and desperately struggling to regain his breath as he curled himself up into a pitiful little ball and ever-so-fruitlessly attempted to use his "puppy dog eyes" technique on Dandy (who rather understandably used his own "exasperation-induced rolling eyes" technique on Meow in response) while QT hastily returned his Ant-Man comic book to his (largely so-called) bookshelf before then proceeding to even more hastily zoom right back onto the rather embarrassingly melodramatic scene that was now transpiring between him and Meow.

"YEAH?! Well then, TELL me, Mister Guinness Universe Record Winner; HOW MUCH of that money do you think we're going to have to spend in order to get ourselves a cleaning crew that's good enough to clean THAT absolute FREAKING DUMP?!" Dandy frustratedly sneered at Meow, kicking him in the stomach for good measure while QT began audibly shaking in abject fear of Meow answering Dandy's question by saying "none, you idiot; we already have QT".

"NONE, you idiot; we already have QT, don't we?" Meow ever-so-shit-eatingly grinned from ear to ear, teasingly glanced over at QT and smugly replied, causing Dandy to humiliatedly face-palm himself and annoyedly groan "of COURSE" in response while QT placed the back of his left hand over his forehead and girlishly fainted onto the floor at the mere thought of being forced to do what Meow was suggesting.

ONE COMICALLY FRANTIC AND DESPERATE TRANSFERRAL OF EVERY LAST OUNCE OF CLEANING SUPPLIES IN DANDY'S ENTIRE SHIP INTO MEOW'S DISGUSTING MOCKERY OF A ROOM (AND ONE STRAPPING OF A HOVER-THRUSTER JETPACK ONTO QT) LATER...

"Alright, QT; you ARE a living vacuum cleaner, after all, so JUST GO AHEAD AND FUCKING

CLEAN THIS WRETCHED SCUM TANK ALREADY, WHY DON'T YOU?!" Dandy incredibly-abusively screamed at QT, grabbing him with both hands and chucking him right through the (thankfully) briefly re-opened front door of Meow's room so that Meow could then slam it right back shut using the very same Emergency Lock button that Dandy had previously used, effectively trapping QT inside said room.

"Oh, and by the way, try not to freak out TOO much in there, or else you'll kick up the ADDITIONAL mold spores on the floor!" Meow teasingly warned QT with a rather distinct "trolling" expression on his face (which was a face that Dandy resoundingly bitch-slapped as punishment immediately thereafter, mind you) while QT horrified shrieked "OH, SO NOW YOU'RE FREAKING TELLING ME" in response.

THE NEXT MORNING...

"Alright...I'm finally...f-finished..." QT exhaustedly coughed, sputtered, wheezed and rasped as he weakly and dizzily shambled his way out of Meow's now relatively squeaky-clean (but still horribly disorganized) room before finally tipping over and unconsciously collapsing face-first onto the floor.

"What? That's a perfectly NORMAL amount of time for such a task to take, is it not?" the now-signature-outfit-wearing Meow (whose hazmat suit had just recently been thrown into the washing machine by Dandy due to it no longer being needed) tossed his arms out beside himself and nervously, shruggingly asked Dandy in response to the positively soul-piercing death glare that said dandy had just shot at him.

"Well, I mean, YEAH, of COURSE it is...if the person that said task is being performed for the benefit of has been unapologetically living in his/her own utterly putrid FILTH for literally an entire god-damned YEAR just to win something as ridiculously petty as freaking PRIZE MONEY!" Dandy revoltedly spat at Meow (literally, right onto his face) as he gently scooped QT right up into his ever-so-dearly loving arms and then carefully and quietly carried him straight back into his (yes, Dandy's) room while Meow just grumbly walked back into his own room so that he could continue to be the exact same pathetically lazy and worthless generosity leech that he had previously been.

ONE HOUR-LONG BATTERY RECHARGE (AND THRUSTER PACK REMOVAL) FOR QT LATER...

"Oh, hey there, Dandy! Long nap, no see!" QT gratefully greeted Dandy as the lovably smug bastard finally unplugged him from his designated "battery-recharging" wall socket and woke him back up.

"Say, what exactly DID you decide to buy with all of that prize money that you presumably received in the mail while I was asleep? It wasn't, by any chance, another ginormously stupid and frivolous waste of money in the vein of your clearly decorative surfboard collection that you practically NEVER actually use, was it?" QT somewhat worriedly and distrustfully asked Dandy as he suddenly noticed (not to mention indicatively pointed at) how unusually intently the man was now scanning over his ray gun (well, one of his ray GUNS, anyway) with his increasingly childlike eyes.

"Oh, of COURSE not, you silly old bucket of bolts!" Dandy ever-so-teasingly slapped QT on the back and chuckled while QT crossed his arms over his chest, sassily glared at Dandy, and rather snarkily thought "coming from Dandy, I'm just going to assume that that's a YES" to himself in response.

"Oh, REALLY?" QT rolled his eyes and annoyedly sighed as Dandy rather condescendingly showed him the new "SHRINK/GROW" size-alteration knob on his ray gun, along with the new "GRINK RAY" label that had also been added onto it in order to indicate what he had just gotten it converted into.

"Say, speaking of 'in the vein', I've been thinking about Meow's inexcusably shitty attitude and behavior lately, and I've gotta say: why don't WE, in a truly supreme act of both dramatic AND cosmic irony, sneak inside Meow's body and then use his brain to literally CONTROL him into finally doing something actually entertaining with his life without the help of...ahem...OUTSIDE influence for once?" Dandy rather over-excitedly suggested, already developing a positively raging stiffie underneath his pants from the mere thought of him and QT getting to actually do what he was suggesting.

"Hmm...you know WHAT? For once in a lifetime, you're actually totally RIGHT, Dandy! If Meow isn't going to do anything actually productive with his life, then I suppose that WE indeed might as WELL do so FOR him by having his utterly delicious suffering PRODUCE our amusement! MUUAHAHAHAHA!" QT began maliciously cackling, rubbing his hands together like a filthy little fly as the incredibly severe Out-Of-Character Syndrome disease that he and Dandy had apparently both caught from the (formerly) unbelievably immense bacterial infestation in Meow's room (with Dandy more specifically having caught it from Meow himself) finally began to show its effects on the two of them.

"Alright, so here's the plan..." Dandy, after VERY nervously darting his eyes back and forth and VERY thoroughly searching all over his room in order to make sure that Meow wasn't somehow eavesdropping on his and QT's conversation, squatted down onto one of his knees and began VERY shadily whispering into QT's nonexistent ear.

ONE INCREDIBLY OVER-LONG AND OVER-COMPLICATED EXPLANATION OF AN EXTREMELY SIMPLE PLAN (AND ONE IMMENSELY CLICHE-REEKING SHRINKAGE OF BOTH DANDY AND QT TO ESSENTIALLY MICROSCOPIC SIZE USING THE FORMER'S AFOREMENTIONED GRINK RAY, COMPLETE WITH STEREOTYPICAL RE-PURPOSED SPACE SUITS) LATER, IN THE ALOHA OE'S KITCHEN...

"Man, these automatically body-size-matching nano-suits of ours may give us the power of flight and also make us practically invincible, but they sure-as-Hell do CHAFE...I REALLY hope that this actually does end up being worth it after all..." Dandy ever-so-annoyingly-ungratefully grumbled and whined as he and QT both turned on the invisibility function that Dandy had rather ironically forgotten to mention about said nano-suits as part of said complaint while using the distinctly insect-like wings that said nano-suits also featured to fly straight into Meow's ramen noodle cup as the blissfully unaware bonehead ever-so-maddeningly-routinely grabbed it out of his microwave and began depressingly-mechanically carrying it over from the kitchen to his room, surprisingly-cleverly using his tail to carry his fork as he did so.

"Oh, come on, Dandy, we're just going inside someone else's digestive system and then hopefully proceeding to royally screw up his brain from there; honestly, what's the WORST that could happen?" QT threw his arms out beside himself, looked straight up into the air and EXTREMELY sarcastically (not to mention eye-rollingly) reassured Dandy as the two of them merrily swam about in the disgustingly oily and salty broth of Meow's ramen using the "heat/cold resistance" function of their nano-suits while Meow unknowingly transported them directly into his "private" room using said ramen.

"AHH...room, sweet room..." Meow ever-so-lazily sighed with relief as he promptly sat right back down in front of his computer(s), gently set his ramen cup and fork atop his desk and then finally

began eating his daily noodles (rather EXTREMELY glutonously and sloppily, might I add) while Dandy and QT briefly flew back out of his ramen cup in order to avoid getting impaled by his fork.

"My god, what an absolute fucking PIG!" QT ever-so-sassily placed his hands onto his hips and revoltedly sneered as he and Dandy used their nano-suits' wings to hover ever-so-slightly above and outside Meow's ramen cup while said feline freeloader ever-so-shamelessly continued stuffing his face with noodles in more-or-less the exact same ridiculously hyperactive and flavor-unappreciative (not to mention completely hygiene-unconcerned and blatantly table-etiquette-lacking) manner as always so that he could get back to binge-watching FullMetal Alchemist: Brotherhood as quickly as possible.

"Wow, you're REALLY that surprised by seeing Meow eat in such a way after having to clean whatever in the actual FUCK the useless little shit-head somehow managed to WILLINGLY degrade this 'PRECIOUS' little room of his into over the course of the days leading UP to this one?" Dandy rather amusedly snickered at QT's expense as Meow let loose an obnoxiously loud burp of "culinary" approval while Dandy and QT ever-so-sneakily flew right back into his ramen cup so that the REAL fun part of their adventure (their fantastic voyage, more accurately) could finally begin.

"Alright, BOTTOMS UP!" Meow rather (disgustingly) self-satisfiedly chuckled to himself as he ever-so-eagerly lifted his ramen cup straight up off of his desk with both hands and then very (nutritionally) carelessly poured practically every last drop of its remaining broth straight into his gaping, ravenous mouth (with our so-called "heroes" being in it, of course) while Dandy and QT respectively yelled "COWABUNGA" and "OH MY GOD, WHAT IS UP WITH THAT FREAKING BIFURCATED UVULA OF HIS" on their way across his tongue before finally being swallowed with a nice big GULP.

"BRAHHHP!" Meow patted his belly and loudly burped yet again as Dandy and QT rapidly fell straight down his crazily huge throat (which was a fall that they spent literally the entire duration of screaming like little girls, naturally enough) before then finally, at (not actually very) long last, landing in his disgustingly junk-food-loaded stomach (also known as the quite literal belly of the beast).

Chapter 3

INSIDE MEOW'S STOMACH, WHILE HE WAS BUSY BINGE-WATCHING HIS WAY THROUGH "FULLMETAL ALCHEMIST: BROTHERHOOD" FOR WHAT MUST HAVE BEEN AT LEAST THE FIFTH TIME...

"Holy constipation and explosive diarrhea, this guy REALLY needs to EAT better!" QT snidely insulted Meow for his rather horrifyingly blatant junk food diet as he and Dandy used their nano-suits' wings to hover right above his massive, abnormally frothy (due to his wildly excessive soda consumption), remarkably ramen-broth-resembling (gee, I sure do wonder why), and rather (ahem) liberally sugar-and-salt-sprinkled pool of stomach acid, taking especially important note of the downright frightfully large amount of extremely fat-and/or-cholesterol-loaded food items that were being digested in it despite how (overall) skinny Meow actually was.

"Gee, YOU sure are one to talk, Fat-T; you don't even freaking NEED to eat, for crying out loud!" Dandy also-rather-snidely pointed out as he and QT finally turned off the invisibility feature of their nano-suits and began very unwelcomely exploring (and, of course, mocking) the rest of Meow's internal organs on their way up (in)to his (thankfully still completely unsuspecting) head.

"Wow, he seriously calls THIS freaking worthless bag of rocks a LIVER? More like a DIER if you ask me!" Dandy ever-so-painfully-unfunnily "quipped" as he and QT flew into Meow's liver (which also functioned as his singular kidney) and VERY nauseatedly bore witness to the outright lethal amount of stones that had already grown in it due to the sheer amount of soda (per day) that he drank.

"Now THAT right there has simply got to be the absolute laziest pun that I have ever heard in my OWN entire life." QT very disappointedly glared at Dandy and dejectedly sighed in a rather distinctly "with friends like these" type of manner, briefly borrowing Dandy's Grink Ray so that he could shrink said stones to (relative) nothingness without accidentally doing the same to Meow's liver itself and potentially killing him as a result (since Dandy himself, ironically enough, had always been such a downright hilariously terrible aimer when it came to guns).

"Sweet HEAVENS, this show is so freaking good that it can even cure LIVER disease!" Meow incredulously gasped in surprise as he increasingly-attentively continued watching the incredibly overrated and pretentious show that FullMetal Alchemist: Brotherhood quite frankly was, relaxedly placing his hands onto his chest and happily sighing with relief as he suddenly realized just how much money he (and also, presumably far less importantly in his opinion, the rest of his crew) had just "inadvertently" saved by no longer having to pay for liver/kidney surgery.

"Wow, this goofy-looking thing seems to almost literally not even be big enough to contain the TWO of us!" Dandy somewhat worriedly chuckled as he and QT flew into Meow's ribcage area and were both very unwantedly reminded about Meow's heart not only being shaped like the HEAD of a normal cat, but also being quite literally two sizes too small.

"Hopefully, THIS will make the smug bastard actually care about other people besides himself!" QT increasingly-disgustedly sighed, rather annoyedly borrowing Dandy's Grink Ray yet again so that he could finally grow Meow's heart to its proper anatomically intended size, also making its arterial cholesterol blockages slightly less of a problem for it as a result (disturbingly enough, this also caused its facial expression to visibly change from a suicidal, clinically depressed frown into a big, cute smile).

"Man, I really have NEVER watched another show that has made me genuinely FEEL this much

for its characters!" Meow rather melodramatically laughed and cried in a wonderful fit of bittersweet joy as literal waterfalls of tears flowed from his eyes while "deliciously" thick and gooey rivulets of snot gushed from his nostrils.

"Oh, come on, why is THIS important for us to do?" Dandy impatiently groaned as he and QT flew into Meow's lungs and saw the (again) nauseatingly massive amount of mold and dust that was packaged into them.

"Look, Dandy, I know that having this type of disgusting excuse for air in his lungs technically doesn't HURT Meow, per se, but he SERIOUSLY needs to set higher living standards for himself if he actually thinks that it HELPS him!" QT increasingly-annoyedly reminded Dandy as he briefly removed his nano-suit's gloves and stuffed them into its rather deceptively small-looking chest pockets so that he could then use his vacuum-cleaning function (in other words, the giant holes in his palms) to effectively...well, vacuum all of the air pollutant particles out of Meow's lungs.

"Geez, this show really is just SUCH a wonderfully rejuvenating breath of fresh air after sitting through the generic pseudo-intellectual crap that most other anime is nowadays! I can even FEEL it, for God's sake!" Meow took an incredibly deep (purified) breath and then overjoyedly gasped in amazement as his (English dub) voice suddenly became ever-so-slightly less nasally and irritating (and more like Edward Elric's).

"Holy CRAP, do this guy's teeth need brushing!" QT rather hastily re-nano-gloved himself and outright-horrifiedly gasped in shock as he and Dandy flew straight back up Meow's freakishly large throat into his rather exceptionally slimy and nasty mouth and saw just how TERRIBLY rotten, yellowed and cavity-ridden his chompers really were (in fact, without their nano-helmets, the two of them probably would have literally passed out from just how much his breath actually stank).

"FORGET it, man; he'll prematurely find out that we're INSIDE him if we try to do that!" Dandy increasingly-frustratedly reminded the reluctantly agreeing QT as the two of them ever-so-curiously flew straight up to the slime-dripping roof of Meow's mouth and then rather hypocritically decided to simultaneously tug on the two separate halves of his bifurcated uvula in a (tag) team effort just to see what would happen as a result of said action, causing him to suddenly and very amusingly gag for literally no apparent reason while he was busy slowly yet passionately jerking off to an absolutely gorgeous 1080-P-quality freeze-frame of Winry Rockbell's bathtub scene from Episode 44 (of FullMetal Alchemist: Brotherhood).

"Holy CRAP, am I suddenly developing STANDARDS and DIGNITY now?" Meow startledly covered his mouth with both hands and rather curiously thought to himself as Dandy and QT promptly flew straight up his nasopharynx and, from there, his nasal passageway.

"Man, what a truly SNOT-NOSED little shit!" Dandy rather hypocritically laughed at Meow's only-barely-still-unknowing expense as he and QT (surprisingly) skillfully maneuvered their way through the obnoxiously spoiled brat's thoroughly mucus-coated right nostril so that they could finally meet the very same thing that Meow's increasingly suspicious thoughts about himself had indeed emanated from (literally) in the flesh.

"WHOA HO HO HO...looks like SOMEBODY'S freakishly huge anime eyes spy something TERRIBLY perverted! My god, what a NAUGHTY little kitty you are, Meow!" Dandy immediately flew straight over to Meow's eye sockets (while QT flew straight over to Meow's brain) and ever-so-teasingly (not to mention INSANELY hypocritically) whooped and laughed with delight, rather predictably being quicker to notice the fact that Meow's (amazingly transparent) eyeballs were looking at a picture of a hot naked girl than he was to notice how cartoonishly small the brain that said eyeballs were connected to was as he and QT finally reached

Meow's cranium; rather understandably, QT second-hand-embarrassedly (not to mention resoundingly) face-palmed himself and (increasingly) exasperatedly rolled his OWN eyes in response to Dandy's absolute idiocy.

"Dandy, for crying out loud, that character is more-than-likely UNDERAGE in that scene!" QT flew straight BACK over to the lasciviously drooling and eyebrow-raising Dandy and furiously scolded him, bitch-slapping him across the face at full force in order to (hopefully) knock him back into proper brain-infiltrating focus.

"Hey, how in the hell was I supposed to know?!" Dandy threw his arms out in front of himself and indignantly yelled at QT, actually making a rather shockingly good point in the process as the two of them finally landed atop Meow's cerebral cortex and then immediately began ever-so-frantically searching for a secret entrance through which they could perhaps reach its inner workings; luckily, however, Meow was still far too busy fapping like an absolute madman to even be able to notice such utterly pitiful little insects scurrying about on the outermost portion of his gray matter (also, more importantly, when it came to the types of nerves that enabled Meow to physically feel things, his brain was pretty much entirely just a nerve CENTER rather than an actual nerve HAVER, but who even cares about boring old realism anyway?).

"Ah, HERE it is!" QT ever-so-excitedly exclaimed as he and Dandy finally located the aforementioned secret entrance hatch atop the back portion of Meow's left brain hemisphere, flipped it wide-open and then immediately slipped right in without another word, carefully closing said hatch above themselves as Dandy slowly and gently made his way down Meow's neuron ladder while QT just immediately flew straight over to the central nervous super-computer in Meow's frontal lobe, crossed his arms over his chest and increasingly-impatiently waited for Dandy to quietly and gracefully walk over to where he had already been standing for at least an entire minute (because apparently, the disgustingly filthy and pop-culture-rotten internal tissue of Meow's pathetically small brain was indeed a sight that Dandy REALLY desperately needed to take in).

"MEOW'S BEHAVIORAL CONTROL CENTER!" Dandy triumphantly yelled at the tops of his ever-loving lungs as he flabbergastedly beheld the astonishingly illogical and ludicrous sight that was someone who was as much of an unapologetically complete bonehead as Meow having such a wondrously gigantic and hyper-advanced-looking piece of work as what he and QT were now seeing built directly into his brain (a brain that rather clearly wasn't even large enough to properly fill his skull like it was anatomically supposed to, no less, although it was still plenty spacious enough to serve as a remarkably cozy single-room home for its essentially microscopic new intruders to obsessively hole up in and stare at the computer of).

"Yeah? What about it?" QT (ironically) boredly sighed as he and Dandy dutifully took their (own-gravitational-pull-having) seats in Meow's Manual Brain Control chairs, with Dandy already looking absolutely giddy about how many additional screens the main screen of Meow's brain computer was surrounded by (along with how many buttons and switches its dashboard was decorated with) while QT simply did the smart thing and immediately grabbed the login-name-and-password-revealing Post-It note that Meow's rather fittingly naive idiots of former brain maintenance workers seemed to have accidentally(?) left right next to one of the two MAIN KEYBOARDS of his brain computer.

ONE HORRIBLY SECOND-HAND-EMBARRASSED BRAIN LOG-IN BY QT LATER...

"So, uhh...what exactly WERE Meow's login name and password, anyway?" Dandy lazily folded his arms behind his head, absent-mindedly looked over at QT and rather curiously asked him as Meow's brain computer dutifully began booting itself up; luckily, Meow's log-in screen had

deliberately hidden every single character of both of said user-identification codes due to how obscenely cancerous they were.

"You don't want to know. TRUST me." QT flatly but INCREDIBLY horrified shuddered and stammered, crumpling his aforementioned new Post-It note up into a pitifully tiny ball and then rather hastily stuffing it into one of the gargantuanly "larger on the inside" chest pockets of his nano-suit so that neither he nor Dandy would ever have to look at its utterly deplorable contents again.

"Well, OKAY then, I suppose..." Dandy somewhat annoyedly shrugged and sighed as he and QT immediately activated Meow's Body Control Program, using his brain computer's first-person (eye sockets) and third-person (mind's eye) brain-owner-recording screens for reference as they suddenly (indeed) took control over Meow's body, causing the completely clueless (space) cat's pupils to briefly turn into dizziness-representing, 360-degree-rotating swirly lines while his body rather awkwardly struggled to adapt to its sudden loss of proper, natural control over itself.

"Um...Dandy, just for the record, are you REALLY sure that we should be doing this to this poor guy? I mean, seriously, just THINK about this for a second: exactly WHAT sort of truly UNFORGIVABLE thing has HE ever done to US?" QT increasingly-worriedly asked Dandy as the two of them made the still-busy-jerking-off-to-Winry Meow tightly grip his penis with both of his hands and then use said hands to aim it directly at his own lecherously grinning and drooling face.

"HMM...oh, I dunno, let's SEE here, SHALL we?" Dandy threw his arms out beside himself and ever-so-caustically groaned as he and QT began to ever-so-slightly increase Meow's fapping speed, causing said space cat to begin drooling, panting and moaning even harder than he already had been before.

"He's openly mocked me for not having his 'underwater breathing' ability, WHILE I WAS DROWNING TO DEATH...he's single-handedly been the main reason why I have nearly ALWAYS been either completely out of food or ALMOST completely out of food for quite some time now...he's led us onto an outright DEATH planet full of ginormous man-eating monsters just to stroke his own RIDICULOUSLY oversized ego..." Dandy began angrily listing off while QT placed his hands on his hips and smugly glared at said dandy with a rather generous side helping of "MM-HMM" in response.

"...and as if all of THAT positively insufferable douche-baggery wasn't already enough, he's also been a major factor in starting a universe-wide zombie apocalypse, disagreed with my personal clothing preference of underwear over vests, dropped what I'm assuming was some kind of freaking FOOD into my ship's fuel tank right at the end of an EXTREMELY important space race, been too freaking naive and stupid to realize that he was caught in an infinite Groundhog Day time loop ON HIS OWN HOME PLANET, had the absolute worst Emo Universe counterpart EVER, fungally mutated his already ridiculously messy room that technically doesn't even BELONG to him but rather to ME into a downright ABHORRENT eldritch mockery of its original self just for something as trivial as prize money...um, YEAH, exactly what sort of incredibly obnoxious and idiotic thing HASN'T he done over the course of our adventures?" Dandy EXTREMELY long-windedly and frustratedly continued listing/rattling off, somehow STILL not realizing how much of a blatant hypocrite he was indeed most definitely being with the vast majority of his examples.

"Hmm...you know what? You really ARE right after all; this stupid son of a bitch really DOES, in fact, deserve Hell!" QT suddenly began maniacally laughing as the effects of his and Dandy's Out-Of-Character Syndrome disease finally reached their REAL peak once and for all, causing their eyes to demonically glow bright red as they VERY excitedly (not to mention simultaneously) increased Meow's dick-stroking speed all the way to MAXIMUM and made him open his filthy,

reeking mouth as widely as he possibly could.

"Well, if he deserves Hell, then let's GIVE him Hell, baby!" Dandy outright devilishly cackled as he and QT made Meow flesh-burningly rev up his penis at full throttle with both hands until finally...finally...FINALLY...

"OHHHHHH, YEAAAAAAH!" Meow orgasmically yelled as his penis suddenly shot out a massive, gooey and sticky load of semen all over his face and even directly into his mouth, prompting Dandy and QT to then mind-control him into violently smearing said semen ALL over his face with his bare hands and even making it "wholesomely" drip FROM his mouth.

"Oh man, this is already SO much fun..." QT ecstatically moaned with arousal as he and Dandy made Meow pull out his smartphone and then use it to snap a clearly-Winry-displaying photo of him ever-so-shamelessly eating his own anime-fanservice-masturbation-produced sperm while sitting in front of the computer in his cold, dark and pathetically messy room, so that he could then post it all over his local social media websites with the blatantly sarcastic caption "now THIS is how a REAL man has sex".

"Just WAIT until you see how he reacts when we put him back in control of himself and he sees that we've just made him do this to himself! Oh, dear LORD, it's going to be so freaking priceless! I can't even WAIT!" Dandy ever-so-horribly-over-excitedly snickered, with QT hyperactively nodding in agreement as the two of them (indeed) put him back in control of himself, with his reaction being more-or-less exactly what pretty much anyone would expect.

"Oh my ever-loving FISH FLAKES, what have I just posted about myself on all of my favorite social media sites?! I absolutely MUST delete it RIGHT now! I MUST, I MUST, I MUST, I MUST, I MUST!" Meow began yelling and screaming in remarkably panicked terror as he ironically realized that it was, in fact, clearly far too late for him to be able to do so; the image was already being copied and reblogged to literally every place imaginable as he spoke, blatantly exposing his phony "cool guy" persona for the immensely cowardly and transparent facade that it actually was in reality as his online friend count dwindled accordingly.

"WHAT in God's name could have ever possessed me to DO such a thing?!" Meow graphically stretched out his lower eyelids with his hands and pitifully whined in (public) embarrassment while Dandy and QT played "Rock, Paper, Scissors" in order to determine who would get to tell Meow the answer to his rather profoundly fate-tempting question first; surely enough, Dandy's Rock trounced QT's Scissors, causing his already rather distinctly shit-eating grin to somehow become even wider and smugger in response as he increasingly-excitedly picked up Meow's "Inner Voice" microphone and began callously and condescendingly teasing the poor guy through it.

"Funny that you should ask such a thing, Mr. Hardly EVER Leaves His Room To See How His Friends Are Doing! Looks like you really SHOULDN'T have let our ridiculously excessive pampering of you GO TO YOUR HEAD after all, doesn't it?" Dandy ever-so-smarmily joked at the already-unbearably-mortified Meow's expense, deliberately doing so in THE most infuriatingly trollish sing-song voice that he was humanly capable of...except that Meow was already far too scared and helpless to even BE angry with him anymore.

"Yup, you heard THAT right! This is indeed exactly what you THINK it is! Me and Dandy reporting live from CAT'S CRANIUM CENTRAL!" QT took Meow's "Inner Voice" microphone from Dandy and exceedingly-smugly informed Meow, who then clutched his head extremely tightly with both hands and became absolutely overwhelmed with pure, unbridled, pants-wetting fear from the mere thought of what QT and Dandy were now implying with their downright insufferably condescending "head" puns.

"Alright, Meow, don't wig out..." Meow put his hands together into prayer position, gently closed his eyes and began increasingly-nervously chanting to himself, accidentally making yet another accursed "head" pun in the process. "Don't wig out...don't wig out...don't wig-"

"GOD DAMN IT, HOW IN THE HELL AM I SUPPOSED TO REMAIN CALM IN A SITUATION LIKE THIS, HUH?! THIS IS AN EMERGENCY, I TELL YOU! A FREAKING EMERGENCY!" Meow (rather understandably) completely lost his composure and began maniacally shrieking and yelling at the tops of his ever-loving lungs as he frantically grabbed his smartphone and dialed 9-1-1 faster than he could even SAY "9-1-1".

"Alright, LISTEN, emergency hotline guys, and listen GOOD...this is Meow, reporting to you live from the Aloha Oe, and I am indeed terribly sorry to have to inform you that I'VE GOT AN ALMOST-BUT-NOT-QUITE-ANTHROPOMORPHIC FISHER-PRICE VACUUM CLEANER AND A MENTALLY RETARDED ELVIS WANNABE WHO THINKS HE'S A GOD-DAMNED HAWAIIAN SUPERHERO LIVING IN MY FREAKING HEAD RIGHT NOW AND I CAN'T GET THEM OUT! SERIOUSLY, THE LITERAL GIANT COMPUTER IN MY BRAIN IS ALREADY BEING TAKEN OVER BY THEM AS WE SPEAK! RUN, SPACE CHICKENS! RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!" Meow took a deep breath and began calmly explaining...then suddenly began writhing on the floor and dementedly screaming his head off in an uncontrollable fit of panic, with the aforementioned "emergency hotline guys" on the other end of his local galaxy trying desperately not to laugh at his expense as he did so.

"Hmm...that right there sure is an AWFULLY interesting STORY, we must admit...however, if you REALLY expect us to actually BELIEVE all of that utterly ridiculous nonsense, don't you think that you MIGHT want to at least TRY considering that maybe, just maybe, YOU are, in fact, the retarded one here after all?" the "emergency hotline guys" rather dickishly pointed out to Meow before then abruptly hanging up on him out of spite.

"I honestly don't even know WHAT I'm supposed to believe anymore..." Meow dejectedly sighed, placing the back of his right hand over his forehead and girlishly fainting onto the floor in utter defeat.

"How about how much more the events that me and QT now have thoroughly planned for at least this entire WEEK or so are going to hurt YOU when compared to US, baby?" Dandy VERY sadistically chuckled while QT ever-so-smugly nodded in agreement. Man, if only Meow actually knew just HOW MUCH his life was about to be ruined (sabotaged, more accurately) by these two...

Chapter 4

A FEW MINUTES LATER, IN MEOW'S ROOM...

"Ugh, my aching HEAD...I forgot, WHAT exactly is going on in there again?" Meow rather reluctantly woke (not to mention sat) back up on the floor and groggily moaned in exhaustion, rubbing his eyes with his hands as he did so; little did he know, naturally enough, that Dandy and QT had somehow hacked into his memory banks and manually deleted the answer to said question from them (after Dandy had finished jerking off to all of the hentai stored within them, of course) so that they could then proceed to scare him completely out of his (delightfully warm and cozy) mind yet again.

"Me and QT are now INSIDE it, you freaking forgetful idiot!" Dandy ever-so-teasingly reminded Meow, causing the poor frozen-in-shock space cat's pupils to fearfully shrink into ridiculously small dots in response while QT then proceeded to rub Meow's absurdly horrific newfound plight (ahem) in even further by WAY-too-excitedly reminding him about what they were now planning to DO with said ever-so-dearly-precious-and-fragile little brain of his.

"And now, we're going to use our newfound literal control over you to publicly humiliate and torture you for our own sadistic amusement as payback for how much of a useless, freeloading parasite YOU'VE been to US!" QT sadistically laughed while Meow sat down on the floor, curled himself up into a miserable, trembling little ball and tightly clutched his poor little head with both hands.

"Sweet merciful Narrator, I'm absolutely begging you; PLEASE let this horrible nightmare end as soon as possible..." Meow hopelessly thought to himself, frantically reaching for his phone yet again while Dandy and QT completely paralyzed his arms mid-reach and ever-so-snidely chuckled "no can DO, mister" to themselves in response.

ONE RE-MOBILIZATION OF MEOW'S ARMS (AND ROUGHLY ONE MINUTE) LATER...

"Boy, I sure do wonder if Dandy actually DOES have any classy and sophisticated movies stored in his bookshelf...the types of movies that I'll later get to call myself smart on the Internet just for having watched, such as Memento and the Kubrick films..." Meow rather curiously (albeit also rather doubtfully) continued thinking to himself as he tiredly walked over into Dandy's room and intently scanned his way through the cinematic contents of his bookshelf...which, surely enough, were mostly just generic superhero films and blatantly pseudo-intellectual action flicks. There were also numerous incredibly trashy comedies stored there (Joe Dirt, pretty much all of the Adam Sandler films other than Click and maybe Happy Gilmore, et cetera), but most of said "comedies" at least weren't all THAT bad...except for one in particular that absolutely must not be named but unfortunately is about to be named anyway, that is.

"Hey QT, are you thinking what I'M thinking?" Dandy ever-so-deviously snickered as he and QT (rather maliciously) intently watched Meow examine the former's movie collection using his brain's Eye Socket Cam, somehow noticing even faster than the actual owner of said eye sockets did that (the absolute cinematic abomination known as) Freddy Got Fingered actually WAS, in fact, included in the (indeed largely so-called) comedy section of Dandy's movie collection (thankfully, all three members of the Dandy Crew had indeed pretty much entirely forgotten about said "film" prior to this occurrence, but now that Dandy and QT had suddenly been reminded about its existence...HOO boy, were things about to get SERIOUSLY nasty for Meow, and in a VERY literal sense, might I add).

ONE INCREDIBLY GRATUITOUS AND SADISTIC STRAPPING OF THE PERMANENTLY EYEBALL-OPENING HEADGEAR FROM "A CLOCKWORK ORANGE" ONTO MEOW'S NOGGIN (PLEASE DON'T ASK ME WHY DANDY WAS KEEPING SUCH A THING IN HIS BASEMENT; TO BE HONEST, IT'S PROBABLY BETTER IF YOU DON'T KNOW) AND ROUGHLY FIFTEEN MORE MINUTES LATER...

"Alright, so here's The Matrix, and here's the DVD player..." Meow unwillingly (not to mention un-BLINKINGLY) mumbled to himself as he was mind-controlled into opening up the case for the aforementioned Freddy Got Fingered and then (rather surprisingly carefully) inserting its obligatory disc into the DVD player in Dandy's room, which THEN automatically turned itself on in response.

"Now I just need to take a nice, relaxing seat on the couch and enjoy myself..." Meow robotically commanded himself as he INCREDIBLY lifelessly and mechanically strolled his way over to Dandy's rather excessively large and also borderline-indestructible-because-Pyonium television-watching couch (which he had unknowingly ALSO been mind-controlled into coating with an obscenely thick layer of the absolute strongest super-glue in his entire universe just for the hell of it) and then ever-so-lazily plopped himself down right in the middle of it so that he could THEN use Dandy's TV remote to turn on the actual flat-screen television that said couch was clearly intended as a "nice and cozy" viewing seat for and immediately set it to Movie-Watching Mode.

ONE "PLAY MOVIE" COMMAND AND ONE MASSIVE VOLUME INCREASE LATER...

"HUH? What in the hell is THIS crap? THIS isn't The Matrix!" Meow indignantly whined, unwillingly removing the batteries from Dandy's TV remote and throwing it across the room as the "pure and unbridled madness in movie form" that Dandy and QT had just effectively forced him to sit all the way through (literally) without pause began.

OVER THE COURSE OF THE FILM ITSELF...

"I wanna DIE..." Meow helplessly squirmed in his super-glue-covered seat (that his arms, neck and head were now also stuck in) and ever-so-miserably thought to himself (with Dandy and QT both whole-heartedly agreeing with said sentiment of his but still doing absolutely nothing whatsoever to help him) as he watched Tom Green furiously masturbate a horse with his bare hands while obnoxiously yelling "LOOK AT ME; I'M A FARMER, DADDY" at the tops of his ever-loving lungs.

"JESUS FUCKING CHRIST, WOULD SOMEBODY PLEASE GET ME THE HELL OUT OF HERE, PLEE-HEE-HEE-HEASE!?" Meow violently shook in his seat and began dementedly shrieking and crying in terror as he watched Tom Green cut an ENTIRE roadkill deer corpse WIDE open and then wear it on top of himself while aimlessly running around in circles in the middle of an open forest road and once again yelling like an absolute idiot...all for basically (if not literally) no discernible purpose whatsoever other than to needlessly pad out the film's runtime and increase its already unbelievably excessive shock value even further.

"HEE HEE HEE...incredibly sadistic and disgusting...HAH HEH HOO...things happening over and over again just because...UWOHOHO...the film's lead actor has literally nothing...GAH HAH HAH...better to do...how incredibly...GWEH HEH HEH...funny...and...HEH HEH...clever..." Meow dementedly laughed and whispered to himself with increasingly bloodshot eyes and a blatantly psychotic ear-to-ear grin that exposed nearly all of his teeth as he watched Tom Green pull a woman's still-umbilical-cord-bound baby fresh out of her vagina with his bare hands and then bloodily bite said cord in half with his also-bare TEETH so that he could THEN proceed to also-bloodily use what was left of said umbilical cord to swing said baby around and around like an

absolute lunatic (again, as John Kricfalusi once said back when he was still alive, who needs actual substance or writing talent when you have pure, utterly shameless shock value? Also, what do you MEAN, I'm being a total hypocrite right now?).

"Wow, it sure does look like this movie really is having an awfully ELECTRIFYING effect on him!" QT somewhat nervously laughed as he and Dandy looked straight up at the ceiling of Meow's brain and saw just how frightfully rapidly the overall condition of his sanity wires was already beginning to deteriorate from how utterly horrifically he was already being abused (TOTALLY not for blatantly fetishistic reasons, I SWEAR) by his extremely unwelcome new cranial stowaways.

"Boy, you sure aren't KIDDING!" Dandy rather morbidly chuckled as he and QT watched Meow watch Tom Green satiate a wheelchair-bound and quite clearly mentally unstable woman's masochism fetish by repeatedly striking her paralyzed legs.

"Looks like this time, I really CAN'T change the channel after all..." Meow dejectedly sighed as he watched Tom Green proudly show off the fact that he had what was rather heavily implied to LITERALLY be his own umbilical cord (from HIS birth) taped onto his chest to his girlfriend, once again desperately struggling to resist his progressively increasing urge to vomit as he did so.

ONE UNBELIEVABLY RELIEVING "FREDDY GOT FINGERED" CREDITS SEQUENCE, ONE RATHER IRONICALLY URGENT EMERGENCY HOTLINE PHONE CALL FROM DANDY AND QT, ONE ENTIRE TEAM OF MEN WITH CROWBARS BEING SENT INTO DANDY'S ROOM, QUITE A LOT OF AGONIZED SCREAMING AND TORN-OUT FUR ON MEOW'S PART, AND ROUGHLY ONE DAY LATER, IN MEOW'S ROOM...

"Hmm, I sure do wonder what kind of girlfriend Meow would be most likely to score at the moment with HIS current Internet reputation..." QT ever-so-curiously and rather mockingly thought out loud to himself as he and Dandy ever-so-playfully-and-joyfully mind-controlled Meow into using his computer to obsessively comb his local dating websites like the latter's pompadour until finally, at long last, he found what "he" had been looking for...SCARLET?!

"Wow, why did you have to pick HER?" QT threw his arms out beside himself and confusedly asked Dandy while Meow began mindlessly drooling over the so-called "Scarlet" in question like the hedonistic zombie that he now essentially was, with his stomach VERY violently growling as he did so.

"Because it's actually NOT her, you see, but rather a giant sadistic tentacle monster, known as the Space Succubus, that just recently decided to shape-shift itself INTO her for rather...AHEM...obvious reasons." Dandy rather uneasily explained, tremblingly and rather sweatily pointing out the extremely important-to-notice "shape-shifting prostitute" fine print on "Scarlet's" dating profile with his right index finger as he did so while Meow just completely ignored said life-threateningly crucial detail due to Dandy's and QT's quite literal control over him.

ABOUT FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER, IN DANDY'S ROOM...

"Greetings, Meow; it's me, Scarlet, your friendly neighborhood Alien Registration Center inspector!" the incredibly-convincingly Scarlet-disguised Space Succubus that our, AHEM, "heroes" had mentioned earlier ever-so-seductively-leisurely strolled into Dandy's room and (FAR too) eagerly greeted Meow, who had been listlessly laying face-up atop Dandy's bed and (rather surprisingly) patiently waiting for her to arrive for well over ten whole minutes.

"So anyway, please tell me while you still have the chance; how exactly have things BEEN lately, my adorable little kitty?" the Fake Scarlet sat down next to Meow and curiously, gigglingly asked

him while playfully stroking and petting his fur with her gorgeously nail-polished fingers just to tease him even further.

"Absolutely dreadful..." Meow ever-so-depressedly sighed while Dandy and QT bitterly sneered "GOOD" at him in response, deliberately holding off on mind-controlling him until the exact moment at which they would be able to use said tactic to cause the absolute largest amount of embarrassment possible for him.

"Well then, let's make them even WORSE, shall we?" the Fake Scarlet suggested in a rather disturbingly aroused manner and began moaningly and droolingly approaching Meow while said soon-to-be victim of hers frightenedly jumped back down onto the floor and began cautiously backing away from her (while performing the obligatory "jazz hands" gesture, no less) in response before then suddenly turning RIGHT around and frantically, screamingly bolting straight out of Dandy's room at full speed.

"Hey, COME BACK HERE, YOU NAUGHTY LITTLE SHIT!" the Fake Scarlet suddenly began maniacally and (somewhat) un-characteristically shrieking at Meow as she increasingly-blood-thirstily chased the poor little rascal all the way over into the Aloha Oe's living room, where she then proceeded to immediately tackle him head-first onto the floor at full force and begin brutally strangling him with her rather exaggeratedly thick and juicy thighs.

"Not (COUGH) going (WHEEZE) to lie (SPUTTER), this is actually (GASP) turning me on (CHOKE) quite a bit, but (SPUTTER) why are you (COUGH) doing it so freaking HARD?!" Meow suffocatingly began explaining as he desperately tried with all of his might to pull the Fake Scarlet's thighs off of his neck with his hands while Dandy ever-so-carelessly threw his nano-suit's helmet right off-screen (complete with everyone's favorite "screeching cat" sound effect, no less), pulled out a nice big bucket of space popcorn from his nano-suit's chest pockets and then ever-so-excitedly dug right into said bucket with his left hand, unzipping his nano-suit's pants and then furiously, repeatedly stroking the deliciously dandy dick within them with his right hand as he did so.

"Oh, believe me, this is just the BEGINNING..." the Fake Scarlet devilishly cackled as QT got out his smartphone and immediately began recording Meow's dreadful suffering for the Internet's amusement, sincerely wishing that he had the ability to also be masturbating to said (utterly) dreadful suffering of his own so-called "best friend" as he did so.

A FEW MINUTES (NOT TO MENTION HIGH HEEL REMOVALS BY THE FAKE SCARLET) LATER...

"Yeah, come on, lick 'em like you MEAN it, foot boy!" the Fake Scarlet ever-so-irresistibly-seductively crossed her exceedingly bare and sexy legs atop the Aloha Oe's living room's coffee table and ever-so-dominantly sneered at Meow as the poor guy was forced to kneel before her with a downright painfully tight leash (that she was holding the handle of in her left hand while making a blatant masturbation gesture with her right hand) fastened around his neck and mindlessly worship her feet while said stompers were covered with gross, slimy feces that she had apparently harvested from various other species of space aliens (needless to say, the resulting smell of her tootsies was not exactly an appealing one to say the LEAST, but it somehow still managed to make Meow's penis incalculably hard anyway as he moaningly, pantingly and intensely-blushingly begged her for more).

"UGH...the THINGS I do for love!" Meow indignantly and humiliatedly whined as he then proceeded to lecherously, droolingly, swirly-eyedly grab the Fake Scarlet's gorgeously smooth and statuesque stompers with his hands and then passionately, repeatedly lick them from their heels to

their toes and back again until they were so ridiculously clean that they even began to SPARKLE in a way that was normally reserved exclusively for bishies and vampiric emo/goth posers.

"WOO HOO! BETTER THAN PRO WRESTLING!" Dandy threw his arms straight up into the air and ecstatically cheered (before then continuing to gluttonously shovel his space popcorn into his mouth with his left hand while increasingly-furiously masturbating with his right hand) as the Fake Scarlet forcefully pressed her downright mouth-wateringly scrumptious soles against Meow's radiantly blushing and intensely nose-bleeding face in such a wonderfully revealing fashion that practically every last boner-inducing and sumptuous wrinkle detail of them became clearly visible to the Dandy Crew's equally naked eyes; meanwhile, QT was just bewilderedly scratching his head with his index fingers and wondering what was so "irresistibly" sexy about feet.

"Looks like it's now DESSERT time, sweetie! Go ahead and EAT UP, why don't you?" the Fake Scarlet dexterously wiggled her adorable little toes and rather patronizingly informed/commanded Meow as he EXTREMELY furiously masturbated to her lovely, saliva-dripping feet with both hands until finally, at long last, his penis reached its sexual climax and squirted several massive streams of creamy and gooey semen all over her eagerly awaiting soles.

"MMM...what a wonderfully delicious source of PROTEIN this is! Slimy, yet SATISFYING!" Meow VERY awkwardly, squeamishly and sarcastically chuckled, loudly gagging several times as he dutifully began eating his own sperm right off of the Fake Scarlet's bare soles while Dandy rather ironically complimented him for how much of a "lucky guy" he was, giving him a reassuring thumbs-up sign with his left hand as he continued to ever-so-callously masturbate to Meow's horrific plight(?) with his right hand.

A FEW MORE MINUTES (AND ONE MASSIVE LOAD OF FETISH-SATIATION-INDUCED JIZZ IN DANDY'S NANO-PANTS AS HE FINALLY FINISHED HIS POPCORN, RE-ZIPPED SAID NANO-PANTS AND RE-DONNED HIS NANO-HELMET) LATER...

"Now tell me, you naughty little pussy-cat; would you like to know the REAL reason why my universe-renowned high heels live up to their name so much?" the Fake Scarlet increasingly-teasingly asked Meow as she ever-so-deliciously-slyly slipped her (work) high heels right back on and then ever-so-deceptively-gently laid the poor space cat face-up on the Aloha Oe's living room's floor while Dandy and QT intently cranked his pain sensitivity level all the way up from roughly 6 to 11, downright-devilishly smirking at each other as they did so.

"Well, to be honest, that doesn't really sound terribly appealing to me, but if you insist, I suppose that I wouldn't exactly MIND having such a thing demonstrated to me by such a wonderful, beautiful woman as- YEOWWWCH!" Meow politely placed his right hand over his chest and began calmly and humbly explaining to the Fake Scarlet...then suddenly VERY tightly grabbed his crotch with both hands and girlishly shrieked in pain as that very same Fake Scarlet viciously stomped on his precious little family jewels with her left high heel as punishment for how much of a disgusting, lazy and freeloading little pervert he was.

"This is for refusing to clean your room!" the Fake Scarlet angrily scolded Meow as she savagely crushed his dick yet again (even harder this time, might I add) with her right high heel, causing him to not only scream like a little girl but also CRY like one while Dandy and QT both hysterically rolled back and forth on the wonderfully spongy and cushiony (not to MENTION own-gravitational-pull-having) floor of his brain and nearly died laughing at his expense in response.

"THIS is for blatantly mooching off of your friends and giving them practically nothing in return!" the Fake Scarlet even more angrily scolded Meow as she outright mercilessly trampled Meow's cock with her left high heel while he agonizedly wailed "OH, MOMMY, THAT HURTS SO

MUCH" in a hilariously stereotypical "helium chipmunk" voice in response, causing Dandy and QT to frantically pound their fists and feet (well, technically his wheels in QT's case, but you get the idea) against Meow's aforementioned brain-floor (as if he didn't have enough of a headache already, MIND you) and begin laughing even harder as massive anime-esque waterfalls of laughter-induced tears began streaming down their faces.

"And THIS is for not remembering to wear your adult baby costume!" the Fake Scarlet petulantly sneered as she used her right high heel to straight-up pulverize Meow's balls so ridiculously hard that they actually started BLEEDING as a result while Meow helplessly and pathetically whimpered "don't worry; I will this time, Mommy" in response.

ONE MIND-CONTROLLING OF MEOW INTO...AHEM...CHANGING HIMSELF INTO HIS AFOREMENTIONED ADULT BABY COSTUME (THAT HE HAD RATHER UNDERSTANDABLY BEEN KEEPING HIDDEN IN THE ALOHA OE'S BASEMENT SO THAT NO ONE OTHER THAN HIS CLOSEST FRIENDS WOULD SEE IT) BY DANDY AND QT LATER, AFTER HE HAD FINALLY FINISHED DOING SO AND THEN RATHER RELUCTANTLY RE-JOINED THE FAKE SCARLET BACK IN THE ALOHA OE'S LIVING ROOM...

"Rock-a-bye, Meow, sucking my teats; having simply no self-respect at all! Even with your balls crushed by my feets, this is still making your penis stand tall!" the Fake Scarlet "lovingly" and nakedly sang as she softly and warmly cradled Meow (who indeed already had a positively raging stiffie poking out from the top of his diaper as she spoke) in her equally "loving" arms so that he could "lovingly" and nutritiously drink the (surprisingly real) milk from her breasts while Dandy and QT ever-so-devilishly-snickeringly recorded said event with their smartphones, effectively ensuring that basically no one on the Internet would ever be able to take Meow even remotely seriously again.

"WAAH! WAAH! WAAH!" Meow frustratedly shook his rattle and began loudly wailing and crying as he sat down on the floor and then accidentally (VERY wetly and sloppily) shat into his diaper (enough to fill the entire thing, no less) due to how AGONIZINGLY long of a time Dandy and QT had forced him to hold his shit in for after making him eat a massive bowl of space chili in celebration of being FINALLY freed from Dandy's super-glue couch.

"Here; have some yummy and nutritious OATMEAL to calm yourself down, sweetums!" the Fake Scarlet ever-so-playfully teased Meow, trying downright PAINFULLY hard to NOT suddenly break character and burst out laughing in the process as she dutifully removed Meow's diaper and then promptly began force-feeding its delightfully brown, chunky, slimy and stinky new contents RIGHT into his mouth with a big silver spoon (complete with "here comes the spaceship", no less) while the suddenly EXTREMELY nauseated-and-horrified-looking Meow was then mind-controlled into loudly clapping his hands and merrily singing "MORE, MOMMY, MORE" in response as he proudly licked his own shit residue off of his lips; needless to say, Dandy and QT were straight-up crying with laughter yet again in response as the latter of the two eagerly continued recording Meow's positively unspeakable humiliation by the Fake Scarlet.

"Now go ahead and wash it down with some JUICE, why don't you?" the Fake Scarlet ecstatically giggled as she laid herself face-up on the floor, bent her knees straight up, spread her legs out SUPER wide, and then openly allowed Meow to crawl right in between said legs on all fours and begin passionately drinking her pussy juice while using her ever-so-scrumptiously thick and juicy thighs as safety handles, repeatedly flogging him with her snake whip as punishment for him being so despicably naughty and kinky (but mostly just as her way of abusively forcing him to eat her out faster) as he did so.

"OOH, looks like your precious little baby bottom has gotten AWFULLY tender and needs some good old STIMULATION right about now! Luckily for you, Mommy's got JUST the thing!" the Fake Scarlet maliciously cackled as she strapped on her obscenely spiky dildo, forced Meow down onto his hands and knees, ever-so-forcefully removed the REST of his baby costume (so that he would be in his "birthday suit", so to speak), and then finally began brutally ramming said dildo into his behind at the seventh space velocity.

"THIS is for spending so much time SITTING on this adorable little bottom of yours!" the Fake Scarlet disgustedly scolded Meow as he very genuinely shrieked and cried in agony, actually feeling the inside of his anus get torn into shreds as copious amounts of blood began leaking from said anus.

"Don't you think that MAYBE we're going just a LITTLE bit too far with this, Dandy?" QT briefly looked away from his smartphone's real-time recording of said event and somewhat worriedly asked Dandy, who quite frankly seemed to literally not even know what a conscience WAS anymore.

"Meh...as long as it's HOT, I could hardly care LESS!" Dandy ever-so-callously snickered as he carelessly kicked his popcorn bucket across the already-rather-filthy floor of Meow's brain, crossed his arms behind his head, and then finally let loose an obnoxiously loud burp in order to reflect just how astonishingly little he cared about Meow's well-being.

"Man, you really ARE one SERIOUSLY sick fuck, do you know that?" QT ever-so-smugly placed his hands onto his hips and then rather hypocritically informed Dandy as Meow began willingly crying out for his actual mother due to how much the Fake Scarlet's buttsex with him was (both physically AND mentally) hurting him.

ABOUT AN HOUR LATER, AT THE NEAREST OUTER-SPACE "ZOCCA CUISINE D'ITALIA" RESTAURANT, AFTER MEOW AND THE FAKE SCARLET HAD BOTH THOROUGHLY RE-DRESSED THEMSELVES INTO THEIR FANCY BUSINESS SUITS...

"Wow, YOU sure are awfully rich, SCARLET! Even more so than you NORMALLY are, it would seem! Wait a minute...YOU'RE NOT EVEN REALLY SCARLET AT ALL, ARE YOU?!" Meow well-deservedly relaxed in his seat and ever-so-playfully teased the Fake Scarlet (before then VERY suddenly proceeding to tightly clutch his head with both hands and loudly shriek at her in absolute terror...much to the rather unpleasant surprise of his fellow customers, many of whom gave him exceedingly weird looks in response) as the two of them rather nervously sat across from each other at their incredibly fancy dining table and increasingly-impatiently waited for their food to FINALLY arrive.

"HAH! Of COURSE not, you FOOL! But I sure am close ENOUGH to being the real thing in my CURRENT form, at least; wouldn't you agree?" the Space Succubus clutched her chest with both hands and uproariously laughed at Meow (to the point where it actually caused several nearby curtains and chandeliers to shake and therefore drew a ridiculously excessive amount of fellow customer attention toward her and the intensely blushing Meow, no less), then crossed her arms over her chest and rather nonchalantly (albeit also rather smugly) explained to him while his fellow customers let out a resounding sigh of relief that Meow whole-heartedly agreed with in response.

"Well, yeah, I suppose...anyway, what did you order?" Meow boredly sighed and then curiously asked the Space Succubus, wondering exactly what type of masterful culinary art could possibly be worth the types of utterly ridiculous money amounts that the Zocca Cuisine D'Italia charged for its food.

"Oh, basically just the usual; a nice big margherita pizza for me, and some good old spinach

alfredo pasta with LOTS of extra spinach for you! Oh, and one great big lime-infused wine glass each for us to drink, of course!" the Space Succubus clasped her hands together and merrily (although definitely more than a little shifty-eyed) explained as she and Meow briefly opened up their menu booklets and pretended to look through them, ironically drawing even MORE attention toward themselves in the process despite clearly intending to do quite the opposite.

"Alright, two delicious culinary delights coming right up for Scarlet and...MEOW?" the rather pretentiously fancy-suited and polite-mannered waiter that the Space Succubus had reserved for herself and Meow confusedly snickered, trying hard not to burst out laughing at how incredibly weird (not to mention morally questionable) of a couple he was now dealing with as he set their food and drinks down onto their table (on a literal silver platter, naturally enough), then held his breath and quickly ran back into the kitchen before his pent-up laughter could break loose.

"Gee, thanks; it's been so long since the last time I've eaten properly classy food that I almost forgot what it even LOOKED like!" Meow scratched the back of his head with his left hand and somewhat embarrassedly chuckled as he and the Space Succubus slowly and carefully removed their food and drinks from said silver platter so that an additional waiter could then rather hastily return it to the kitchen.

"Aww, don't even MENTION it, you big DORK! Come on, let's dig in!" the Space Succubus swung her right hand straight down like a cat paw and ever-so-playfully teased Meow as the two of them promptly began eating...like absolute pigs (although in Meow's case, that was partially just a result of him being mind-controlled by Dandy and QT).

"HAAAH, YES! MORE MEAT FOR ME!" the Space Succubus psychotically and rabidly roared, already beginning to blatantly reveal her true nature as she absolutely devoured her pizza like a quite literal wild animal (getting numerous sauce stains all over not only her business suit but also her division of the tabletop in the process, naturally enough).

"YAY, more NOODLES for me!" Meow overjoyedly and swirly-eyedly cheered as he dug right into his pasta with his bare hands and downright-ravenously shoveled it into his mouth, deliberately chewing it with his mouth open as widely as possible while QT eagerly recorded the event on his smartphone using Meow's brain's Mind's Eye Cam. Needless to say, Meow's and "Scarlet's" fellow customers were most definitely NOT amused, but luckily enough, the waiters rather nervously and second-hand-embarrassedly re-assured them that this otherwise completely unacceptable behavior actually WAS, in fact, simply the product of the two of them being exotic aliens with naturally weird and...well, socially ALIENATING eating habits.

"BLEEEAUUUGH!" Meow and the Space Succubus loudly and ever-so-rudely belched as, after finally finishing their meals, they then proceeded to ever-so-revoltingly-gluttonously guzzle the ENTIRE contents of their wine glasses RIGHT down in one basically five-second-long chugging session each before then immediately slamming them straight back down onto the table as if they were shot glasses, quite nearly breaking them in the process (little did the Space Succubus know, however, that the wine in HER glass had indeed been spiked with an incredibly generous helping of Rohypnol by one of the waiters due to them having overheard her and Meow blatantly giving away her true identity...not to mention them also having even-more-recently found out through phone communication that the real Scarlet actually WAS, in fact, nowhere even remotely near Meow at that time).

"And (hiccup)...now for our (hiccup) photo...tee hee hee..." the Space Succubus drunkenly and dizzily slurred as she and Meow clumsily stumbled out of their seats and ever-so-awkwardly posed for said complimentary 1,000-woolong photograph of themselves (which was rather reluctantly taken using Meow's smartphone by the very same waiter who had previously delivered their food

and drinks to them, naturally enough)...surely enough, said photograph was of Meow EXTREMELY dopily (not to mention swirly-eyedly) grinning from ear to ear in a way that deliberately exposed as humiliatingly large of a portion of the frightfully massive amount of spinach that he now had stuck between his teeth as possible while the Space Succubus suddenly transformed herself back into her original "eldritch tentacle monster" form (a form that was easily at least ten if not TWELVE times Meow's size despite its tentacles actually being no bigger than the average human arm, just for the record), which rather surprisingly gave him an incredibly generous five-second head start before then immediately beginning to extremely-sluggishly slither its way toward him in hopes of eating HIM for dessert...while he was unfortunately too busy being mind-control-walked straight out of its thankfully rather short-for-its-size prey-capturing range to even notice its existence.

"WELL, it looks like THIS guy sure was awfully careful about choosing his romantic partner!" the waiter who had just taken said photograph rather smugly and sarcastically thought to himself as Meow was ever-so-promptly mind-controlled into VERY abruptly snatching his smartphone right back from said waiter and then using it to immediately post said photograph all over his local social media websites with the caption "dinner with my equally lovely girlfriend" as the Space Succubus' indescribably repulsive true form VERY slowly but VERY surely (not to mention VERY slimly) inched its way closer and closer to him while several of the other customers horrified ran away screaming in response.

"Um, EXCUSE me, good sir?" the waiter that Meow had just re-taken his phone from ever-so-awkwardly tapped the incredibly oblivious space cat on the right shoulder with his left index finger and rather nervously (but still politely) asked him, since he was apparently far too busy being hopelessly distracted by his phone to actually notice what(ever in God's name) was now "sneaking" up behind him in the absolute loudest, least subtle and most disgusting-sounding fashion possible while also casting a downright unmistakably humongous and grotesque-looking shadow over him as it did so.

"Huh? What is it, dude? What's the matter?" Meow suddenly regained control over himself and curiously looked up from the ever-so-hypnotically-enticing screen of his phone to confusedly ask said waiter, who somehow STILL managed to exasperatedly roll his eyes at Meow in response despite the positively immense amount of fear that he was experiencing.

"T-There's, uhh, S-SOMETHING rather H-HUGE c-creeping up B-BEHIND y-you right n-now, j-just in c-case y-you somehow h-haven't N-NOTICED..." said waiter pointed his right index finger straight out in front of himself and tremblingly, weak-kneedly stammered in fear while Meow just nonchalantly slipped his phone right back into the upper-left pocket of his suit and smugly placed his hands onto his hips in response (to seeing said waiter visibly wet his pants and then also run away screaming in absolute terror from seeing how downright horrifyingly close the Space Succubus had already gotten to him and Meow by the time that he had finished his sentence; meanwhile, the other waiters standing nearby, along with the vast majority of the restaurant's remaining customers, went "fuck it" and also did much of the same).

"Oh, come on, it can't be THAT bad- HOLY MOTHER OF GOD, WHAT IS THAT FREAKING THING?!" Meow rather-surprisingly-bravely turned around to directly face the Space Succubus with his eyes closed and ever-so-arrogantly chuckled...then suddenly opened his eyes RIGHT back up and began bewilderedly shrieking in terror as he saw what his so-called "girlfriend" had REALLY been looking like beneath its literally flawless (in terms of bodily functions and appearance, at least) human disguise.

"WHOA HO HO, looks like 'she' really DOES like him after all!" Dandy uproariously laughed at Meow's expense as the Space Succubus shoved the poor guy into its rather strikingly deformed-

vagina-resembling mouth using its tentacles and then began violently shaking him all over the place using said mouth while he rather understandably began wildly flailing his pathetically scrawny little limbs all over the place and desperately yelling and screaming for help in response (unfortunately for him, however, everyone else left in the restaurant was already far too busy evacuating it to even be able to hear Meow's screaming over his/her own as he spoke).

"Gee, you sure can say THAT again!" QT merrily chuckled in agreement as he ever-so-sadistically used his smartphone to record said event into yet ANOTHER horrifically embarrassing video while the Space Succubus outright swallowed Meow whole before then satisfactorily rubbing its belly with its aforementioned tentacles and rather predictably saying in its immensely garbled and un-natural-sounding voice that the poor little guy "tasted like chicken"...and then COMPLETELY passing out shortly thereafter from the effects of its aforementioned roofie-laced drink, giving Meow the perfect opportunity to crawl right back out of its stomach while it was busy laying fast-asleep on the floor and then promptly take it straight to his local Alien Registration Center (in other words, the REAL Scarlet) for a nice juicy one-million-woolong reward. Needless to say, Meow most DEFINITELY took said opportunity to his advantage.

APPROXIMATELY ONE HOUR LATER (INCLUDING MEOW HAVING TO WAIT UNTIL HE WAS AT LEAST RELATIVELY SOBER BEFORE DRIVING THE ALOHA OE THROUGH PUBLIC OUTER-SPACE TRAFFIC), BACK IN SAID ALOHA OE...

"Wow, I honestly can't believe that something actually GOOD is finally happening to me for once...well, I mean, ignoring the fact that my so-called girlfriend turned out to be yet another horrific monster in disguise and I'm probably still forever alone, that is..." Meow ever-so-bittersweetly thought to himself in the Aloha Oe's main piloting seat as he eagerly and VERY gratefully flew his way over to his local outer space grocery store with (pretty much exactly) one million woolongs in hand.

"Yeah, don't get used to this, pal..." Dandy and QT ever-so-smugly warned him.

Chapter 5

THE VERY NEXT DAY, AT THE BETELGEUSIAN TALENT SHOW ON MEOW'S HOME PLANET (PLANET BETELGEUSE, OBVIOUSLY)...

"Alright, everybody; give it up for everyone's favorite freeloading douche-nozzle; MEOW!" the Betelgeusian Talent Show's announcer (who, surely enough, was Meow's own father) rather sarcastically encouraged said show's audience (in other words, a WHOLE bunch of Meow's OTHER fellow Betelgeusians, including several OTHER members of his family, seated at comedy-club-style tables) as its members neatly gathered themselves together in Meow's local musical theater and "eagerly" waited for the pathetic little pussy (cat) to FINALLY come out from behind the stage curtains.

"Um...MEOW? Hello?" Meow's father somewhat annoyed asked him as he adamantly refused to come out from behind said curtains in order to prevent himself from being publicly humiliated any more (not to imply that anyone could really blame him for resorting to such an extremely desperate tactic at the point that is being depicted here, MIND you).

"OMMMMM...OMMMMM..." Meow exaggeratedly chanted to himself as he criss-crossedly, bare-footedly sat down on the backstage floor and resoundingly clapped his hands together into prayer position, sincerely hoping that the sheer amount of mental focus that he was now gathering into himself would allow him to effectively prevent Dandy and QT from being able to re-take control over his mind (while his father just annoyed face-palmed himself and disappointedly groaned "what an idiot" to himself in response).

"Holy crap, it's actually WORKING! And all this time, I had thought that it was just another stupid placebo HOAX!" Dandy worriedly clutched his OWN head with both hands and rather impressedly gasped in shock while QT frantically searched for at least one angst-induced opening in Meow's newly acquired mental firewall, rather shockingly not being able to find any of such things...luckily, however, he ultimately ended up not needing to, thanks to Meow's father.

"HEY, COME OUT HERE ALREADY, YOU FREAKING PANSY!" Meow's father suddenly barged right into the backstage area through the aforementioned stage curtains and furiously commanded him, completely breaking his concentration and therefore once again leaving his poor, POOR little brain wide open for Dandy and QT to IMMEDIATELY re-take control over as he dejectedly and swirly-eyedly got back up onto his feet, slipped on his girly pink high heels, hiked up his girly pink dress, re-applied his girly red lipstick, and then ever-so-effeminate tip-toed his way out onto the stage so that literally everyone in the audience could laugh at him and call him homophobic and transphobic names (well, except for his fellow family members, who simply buried their heads in their hands and gently sobbed from the sheer amount of second-hand embarrassment that he had been causing them to feel all throughout his increasingly miserable joke of a life).

"Greetingh, ethryone; thith thong ith dedicated to how much I abtholutely ADORE Mathter Dandy!" Meow VERY-thickly-lispingly explained to his utterly disbelieving and dumbfounded audience (due to Dandy making rather, ahem, LIBERAL usage of his speech control microphone, naturally enough) as he gaily traipsed onto the stage, briefly checked to make sure that his singing microphone was also working, and then immediately began belting out what could only be described as some of the absolute worst lyrics (combined with some of the absolute worst singing) in all of recorded outer-space history while numerous members of the audience wincingly covered their ears in response.

"No matter how much I cry, he keepth putting it inthide, and it taithth tho good, that I theel underthtood!" Meow began screechily, whinily and INCREDIBLY off-keyly singing (thanks to Dandy, of course) as QT (who rather obviously didn't even NEED to use his smartphone as a recording device for capturing Meow's utterly ridiculous antics this time around, since they were already being broadcast live on Betelgeusian Idol) made him ballerina-dance like the absolute idiot that he quite frankly was, causing him to aimlessly stumble all over the stage and even quite nearly lose his balance several times while his audience gave him numerous "thumbs down" signs and loudly yelled "BOO" at him in response (not to mention the way in which his father was ever-so-regretfully peeking out at him from behind the stage curtains and wondering exactly when and where his son's life had gone so horribly, HORRIBLY wrong).

"Oh man, Dandy'th dick ith tho yummy, and his one-linerth are tho thunny!" Meow continued uncontrollably singing as his audience resoundingly yelled at him for how much his dancing (and also, rather surprisingly to a lesser extent, his singing itself) stunk.

"And when we thuck, he tellth me how...I'm thuch a thilthy ungratethul COW!" Meow continued uncontrollably singing as the fellow family members of his that were sitting in his audience began resoundingly banging their heads against their tables while desperately begging him to "PLEASE MAKE IT STOP".

"AND I BE-LIEEEEEEEETH in luthing Dandy! I can theel thomething inthide me thay...he'th eethin more thweet and cute than candy!" Meow sang (somehow) even MORE whinily and screechily than before, with the rest of his lyrical delivery quickly devolving into complete garbled nonsense from there as he suddenly COMPLETELY lost control of himself and began downright wildly stumbling all over the place, to the point where he even ended up accidentally walking into the audience area itself.

"I TELL YOU, WHOOOOOOOOOPTH, I'm thorry, eckkyooth me!" Meow dizzily and confusedly slurred as he somehow managed to crash right into nearly every single one of the audience tables while his fellow audience-dwelling family members hopelessly face-palmed themselves and muttered "I wanna die" underneath their breaths.

"WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOING, YA FAG!" several of the audience members shook their fists at Meow and angrily yelled at him as basically ALL of the audience members began chucking their food at him while he just hiked up his dress and helplessly ran out of the auditorium while also-hopelessly crying and sobbing like a little girl.

"Wow, this really IS better than pro wrestling!" QT uproariously laughed as he and Dandy triumphantly high-fived each other while Meow was UNBEARABLY-humiliatedly chased out of the building altogether by an EXTREMELY angry mob of his own fellow Betelgeusians JUST for how much his musical act had utterly sucked.

THE FOLLOWING DAY, AT MEOW'S GRANDMOTHER'S FUNERAL, ALSO ON HIS HOME PLANET...

"Farewell, dear mother, and may the afterlife treat you well..." Meow's mother heart-brokenly sobbed while Meow himself (along with all of his OTHER fellow Betelgeusian funeral attendees) did much of the same...that is, until Meow suddenly began to develop a rather disgustingly massive erection from the mere sight of his dear, sweet grandmother's about-to-be-coffin-enclosed corpse due to Dandy and QT screwing around with the libido regulators in his brain.

"OHH...OH, YEAH...GET BURIED FOR ME, BABY...OOOOOOH..." Meow began orgasmically and incredibly loudly moaning to himself while literally everyone in his surrounding crowd of fellow Betelgeusians downright BONE-CHILLINGLY glared at him with IMMENSELY

angry looks in their eyes in response.

"Wait, WHAT? I didn't say that! Hey, what's this freaking BONER doing here?!" Meow humiliatedly covered his mouth (followed by his crotch) with both hands and resoundingly gasped in shock as his fellow funeral attendees began intently and growlingly approaching him, rolling up their shirt/suit sleeves and turning their hands into rather fierce-looking fists as they did so.

"H-HEY now, WAIT a minute, n-no hard feelings, right? RIGHT?!" Meow audibly gulped and began nervously asking his fellow funeral attendees as they slowly but surely backed him up against a nearby tree, effectively cornering him so that his completely undeserved punishment could promptly begin.

"HYAAAAAAGH!" Meow could be heard shrieking in pain for miles around (in cartoon terms, at least) as his fellow funeral attendees (including his parents and siblings) mercilessly began beating him utterly senseless.

"BETTER THAN PRO WRESTLING!" Dandy and QT jumped for joy and loudly cheered in unison as the inside (not to mention the outside) of Meow's brain quickly started to become rather notice-ably damaged due to the sheer amount of blunt force trauma that was now being inflicted upon him.

THE DAY AFTER THAT ONE, IN THE ALOHA OE'S VERY RECENTLY AND THANKFULLY GROCERY-RESTOCKED KITCHEN (WHICH PROBABLY WOULDN'T EXACTLY BE REMAINING STOCKED-UP FOR VERY LONG, TO PUT IT LIGHTLY), IN OUTER SPACE...

"SIGH...I've gotten my body invaded by my so-called "best friends", both of whom turned out to be COMPLETE fetish-crazed psychopaths...I've had my own dignity publicly assaulted in so many ways that it's actually borderline unbelievable...I've gotten my balls REPEATEDLY crushed with stilettos...I've been unfairly labeled as a necrophilia fetishist...I've been eaten alive by a giant eldritch tentacle monster that the stiletto lady turned out to actually BE...I've LITERALLY lost control over my own BODY, let ALONE my own life...I've been treated like a LITERAL baby...AND I've been forced to watch fucking Freddy Got Fingered all the way through while having literally no means whatsoever of escaping from my seat, looking away from the screen or even PAUSING the damned film...not to mention that I've also been beaten nearly to death AND exiled from my own home planet, both by my own race...Jeez Louise, what HASN'T been going horribly wrong for me lately?" Meow hopelessly and VERY bruise-coveredly cried and sobbed through not one but TWO incredibly nasty-looking black eyes as he lifelessly walked over to his pantry, utensil cabinet and refrigerator and grabbed the necessary ingredients and utensils for a nice big turkey-and-cheese sandwich from said places so that he could then proceed to just-AS-lifelessly set them down on his kitchen's obligatory "island" fixture, listening to an endless loop of Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata, First Movement" on his radio and ever-so-depressedly thinking about the sheer vastness of the universe that the Aloha Oe was now aimlessly floating through as he did so.

TWO SLICES OF MAYONNAISE-SMEARED WHEAT BREAD, SIX EXTRA-THIN LUNCHMEAT SLICES OF OVEN-ROASTED TURKEY, ONE RATHER GOOD BIT OF BLACK PEPPER SEASONING AND PICKLE SLICES, TWO BIG LEAVES OF LETTUCE, ONE ROMA TOMATO, QUITE A FEW PIECES OF ONE ONION, TWO RATHER GENEROUS ADDITIONS OF MUSTARD, ONE SLICE OF CHEDDAR CHEESE, AND ONE DECORATIVE OLIVE ON A TOOTHPICK LATER...

"Alright, time to eat, I suppose..." Meow took his seat at the kitchen's eating table and listlessly

sighed (not even bothering to get himself a drink due to how obscenely depressed he was) as he dramatically grabbed his sandwich with both hands, lifted it straight up (off of its plate and) toward his mouth, opened said mouth REAL wide, and then FINALLY, at long last...

"HUH?!" Meow rather loudly gasped in shock as Dandy and QT simultaneously hit both of his EMERGENCY PARALYSIS buttons, effectively freezing him into "just about to eat his sandwich" position so that Dandy could then fly straight back out of his body through his conveniently (not to mention perpetually) wide-open mouth and THEN use his Grink Ray to grow himself back to his normal size while Meow just helplessly sat and stared at him, desperately wanting to kill him as punishment for what he had already done to his reputation but rather luckily being unable to even MOVE at all, let alone actually hurt anyone (without being used as a blunt weapon, at least).

"Oh, HEY there, Meow; long time, no SEE, eh?" Dandy threw his arms out beside himself and EXTREMELY smugly and sarcastically greeted and asked Meow with an almost-equally smug and sarcastic wink, causing Meow to downright SAVAGELY hiss at him in response as Dandy reluctantly and (rather pathetically) fearfully tip-toed his way toward him.

"My my, what an absolutely DELICIOUS-looking SANDWICH you've got there, sweetums! It sure would be an awfully CRYING shame if I were to suddenly TAKE it from you, don't you THINK?" Dandy (rather surprisingly) gently set his nano-suit's helmet down onto the floor underneath the table and then began shamelessly teasing Meow in a downright unbelievably condescending and obnoxious singsong voice, causing the poor little guy to downright ferociously growl and roar at him in VERY rapidly increasing anger and disgust as Dandy then rather callously pried his sandwich right out of his helplessly-frozen-in-place hands with his OWN hands, set it right back down onto its plate, and then finally dragged said plate straight over to the opposite side of the table.

"My golly, what wondrously sharp FANGS you have! The better to EAT THIS SANDWICH with, am I right? WELL, TOO BAD, YOU CAN'T HAVE IT!" Dandy rather man-childishly mocked Meow (who quite frankly didn't even know HOW to respond to such ridiculously blatant trolling) as he ever-so-teasingly poured himself a nice big glass of orange juice from the refrigerator and then firmly set it down right next to "his" sandwich plate before finally taking his seat directly across from Meow and staring straight into his animalistically twitching eyes as Meow desperately attempted to make himself move so that he could strangle the smug bastard to death with his bare hands and then well-deservedly throw him out of the Aloha Oe's airlock with all of his might like the absolute human trash that he had indeed become (not to imply that Meow himself wasn't also absolute living trash in his own way, mind you, but still, this right here was most definitely going WAY too far on Dandy's part).

"MMM...it's so yummy and delicious...too bad YOU'RE not the one getting to eat it right now, eh? Yeah, POOR FREAKING MEOW! You stupid, freeloading son of a BITCH; how do YOU like watching someone ELSE eat all of YOUR freaking food, hmm? HOW DO YOU FREAKING LIKE IT?!" Dandy ever-so-arrogantly berated Meow as he ever-so-gluttonously devoured the poor thing's sandwich right in front of him, even going as far as to deliberately smack his lips together as loudly and as rudely as possible during the chewing process just to infuriate Meow even further; needless to say, said space cat was already turning bright steaming red in his seat.

"(GLUG, GLUG, GLUG) AHHHHHHHHH, that tastes SO freaking good!" Dandy happily sighed with relief as, after finishing Meow's sandwich, he then washed it down by almost-instantaneously chugging his entire glass of orange juice RIGHT down his throat before THEN slamming it straight back down onto the table like yet another shot glass so that he could then proceed to lazily walk back over to where Meow was sitting and (ever-so-sarcastically) thank him.

"THAAANK YOOOU FORRR THEEE FOOOD!" Dandy revoltingly belched directly into Meow's utterly disbelieving face before then immediately heading over to the pantry and pulling out a great big bottle of whiskey, followed by a pretty big bottle of red-hot tabasco sauce and one VERY big shot glass.

"And now for your DRINK, sweetie!" Dandy VERY sadistically laughed as he eagerly mixed said whiskey together with an EXTREMELY excessive amount of said (Carolina Reaper) tabasco sauce to create a good old "prairie fire" in said shot glass, not even bothering to actually stir said mixture in the process as he then (rather maliciously) intently carried said shot glass straight over to where Meow was sitting, causing Meow's pupils to suddenly shrink into absolutely terrified dots as Dandy slowly but surely brought said drink closer and closer to his (aforementioned) perpetually wide-open mouth.

"Drink it in, pal; that's a FAILURE taste!" Dandy poured the "prairie fire" drink straight down Meow's throat and demonically cackled with sadistic delight as Meow violently trembled in his seat and began to emit an ear-piercingly high-pitched shrieking noise while his eyes began watering accordingly.

"I wanna DIE..." Meow ever-so-hopelessly thought to himself as Dandy promptly put his nano-suit's helmet right back on and then quickly shrunk himself right back down to his previous size using his Grink Ray so that he could THEN head straight back into Meow's body through his still-wide-open mouth and finally re-join QT inside the poor guy's brain from there.

APPROXIMATELY ONE MINUTE LATER, BACK IN THE COCKPIT OF MEOW'S BRAIN...

"Yo, QT, what's up? Hey, come on, don't leave me hanging, man!" Dandy ecstatically greeted QT, reaching straight up into the air with his right hand and (rather surprisingly) politely offering to give his ever-so-irresistibly-adorable little robot accomplice a nice big high-five of approval...but even despite the fact that he had already been controlling Meow's body for his and Dandy's own IMMENSELY selfish amusement for basically FIVE ENTIRE DAYS at the point that is being depicted here, QT still refused to comply with Dandy's aforementioned high-five request, showing that unlike Dandy, he actually WAS, in fact, starting to somewhat regain his moral decency standards to an extent.

"Don't even TOUCH me, you sick fuck..." QT disgustedly sneered at Dandy as the two of them finally disabled Meow's emergency paralysis and therefore regained control over him...which, of course, Meow's IMMEDIATE first reaction to was to wildly leap into the air while agonizedly shrieking "HOT, HOT, HOT, HOT, HOT" at the tops of his ever-loving lungs and then (mind-controlledly) sprint into the nearest bathroom as fast as his fluffy little legs could carry him and ever-so-frantically dunk his entire head into said bathroom's toilet (whose water contained a rather copious amount of his own urine, might I add) so that he could immensely-relievingly put out the metaphorical fire in his mouth and throat by drinking directly from said toilet.

"AHHHHHHHHH..." Meow green-facedly and clinically-depressedly sighed as he finally lifted his head back out of the toilet, ever-so-slightly gagging from the mere thought of what he had just drank as he did so.

"Oh, COME ON, QT; what do you MEAN, this is starting to get old?" Dandy shrugged his shoulders and irritatedly groaned as QT crossed his arms over his chest and VERY disappointedly glared at him, wondering exactly WHEN he was going to finally start re-growing his former conscience.

"Alright, you know what? FINE. One more day. If it really makes you THAT happy, then I suppose I'll let you and myself mercilessly torture this poor little kitten for your own sadistic

amusement for one more day...but ONLY one more day, do you hear me? ONE MORE FREAKING DAY, AND THAT'S IT!" QT very angrily and insistently explained to Dandy, making a distinct "one" sign with his left index finger for added emphasis.

"Yeah, sure, whatever..." Dandy threw his arms out beside himself, rolled his eyes and exasperatedly groaned as Meow ever-so-miserably went back into Dandy's room and then immediately took a nice, long and relieving nap on said dandy's bed so that he could increasingly-regretfully reflect on all of the unbearably painful and/or humiliating things that he had been outright-sadistically forced to endure over the past five days (or so) of his already pathetic and miserable joke of a life.

"FUCK YOU, SPACE LOSER..." Meow scathingly whispered to himself as he dejectedly and cryingly fell asleep, having finally learned what true sadness was.

Chapter 6

THE VERY NEXT DAY, IN DOWNTOWN NEO YORK CITY...

"Well, if this doesn't work, then I suppose NOTHING will after all..." Meow ever-so-dejectedly thought to himself, hanging his head in shame and increasingly-embarrassedly holding out a large rectangular piece of cardboard that had the words "WILL WORK FOR MENTAL THERAPY" rather crudely written onto it (using a black Sharpie, of course) right in front of himself with both hands as he ever-so-hopelessly sat on a (rather fittingly) horribly dilapidated old (metal) bench and watched countless vehicle drivers and pedestrians pass by him without even paying any real attention to him whatsoever (in fact, many of them gave him extremely hateful "middle finger" gestures), with the countless ridiculously tall buildings surrounding said bench somehow managing to make him feel even MORE pitifully small and insignificant than he already would have felt even WITHOUT their assistance as the remarkably few passers-by that actually DID pay any real attention to him mostly just spat on him and/or callously mocked him for his utterly abysmal reputation; in the best-case scenarios, they would occasionally say "aww, you poor kitten" in an extremely condescending manner and then meaninglessly pet him before then hastily running off as if nothing had ever even happened in the first place (or, more accurately, as if he was carrying some sort of contagious outer-space disease).

"I wanna DIE..." Meow ever-so-listlessly shrugged his shoulders and hopelessly thought to himself as he ever-so-disgustedly pictured Dandy and QT lazily lounging about in the cockpit of his brain and eagerly discussing the incredibly important question of exactly HOW they were going to mercilessly torture him for the pure sake of it (namely, getting their fetishistic jollies) next...which, surely enough, was indeed EXACTLY what the two of them were (and had been) doing at that particular moment.

"Hmm...you know WHAT? Why don't we try using our newfound control over Meow to actually HELP the poor cat bastard feel BETTER about himself for once?" Dandy boredly shrugged his shoulders and ever-so-curiously (not to mention VERY surprisingly) suggested to QT, who then suddenly began rather fearfully trembling in response.

"Umm...y-you don't mean..." QT rather tightly clasped his hands together, very rapidly glanced back and forth around himself and began VERY worriedly stammering, already knowing very well what Dandy was now implying due to the admittedly rather numerous contextual clues that he had already been provided with beforehand (giant urban metropolis, size-alteration ray, Meow feeling SMALL and insignificant and wanting revenge on his fellow inhabitants of space society for how much they had been pushing him around lately, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera).

"Oh, why of COURSE, little buddy! MAKE WAY FOR MEOW-ZILLA, BABY!" Dandy intensely-smugly chuckled, then suddenly leapt out of his seat and "heroically" bellowed with delight while striking an exceedingly campy and over-dramatic muscle-flexing pose just for added emphasis (needless to say, QT just annoyedly face-palmed himself in response).

"Of COURSE...making him grow into a building-demolishing giant...why didn't I ever think of that (snickers sarcastically)...well, I suppose that such a thing theoretically COULD be possible if we flew outside his brain and then shot his pituitary gland using the Grink Ray's GROW beam...HEY, WAIT A MINUTE, LET ME AIM THE FREAKING GUN FOR GOD'S SAKE!" QT shrugged his shoulders and boredly agreed, then suddenly very exaggeratedly outstretched his right arm in Dandy's general direction and downright frantically yelled at him in absolute horror as Dandy rather impatiently (not to mention inconsiderately) flew straight out of Meow's brain without him in

a very genuinely supreme display of dramatically sidekick-life-threatening over-confidence in his (basically non-existent) firearm-aiming skills.

"Alright, you stupid over-glorified cranial nutsack; EAT THIS!" Dandy gallantly laughed as he quickly flew directly underneath Meow's frontal and temporal lobes, then pulled out his Grink Ray and rather bravely ATTEMPTED to use said modified laser pistol's GROW function to hyper-stimulate the poor space cat's aforementioned pituitary gland (which, due to his alien biology, was indeed a giant, hairless, vulnerably-dangling-in-plain-sight nutsack in brain form)...except that due to him also-aforementionedly having such ridiculously terrible aiming skills, he ended up accidentally shooting the main body of Meow's brain instead, causing said brain to finally grow to an anatomically proper size for his skull while his intelligence (somehow) increased itself accordingly as a result.

"Hey, WAIT a minute...come to THINK of it, what if I just went straight back into the Aloha Oe, then used my smartphone to Zen-focusedly contact the brain surgery department of a local hospital and give it my exact physical location for ambulance pick-up reference while Dandy and QT were busy incessantly arguing with each other about their DIABOLICAL PLANS, THEN snorted a whole bunch of sleeping powder up my nose so that all three of us would conveniently fall sound asleep for my MUCH-needed 'brain intruder removal' operation?" Meow, after defeatedly throwing his aforementioned "WILL WORK FOR MENTAL THERAPY" sign onto the ground in immense frustration, quizzically cupped his chin in his right hand and FINALLY began thinking to/for himself in an actually somewhat clever and intellectual manner for once (give or take the fact that he had blatantly overlooked Dandy's and QT's nano-helmets, at least), MUCH to QT's immensely bittersweet surprise.

"You know, in all honesty, I actually kind of like him better this way, but still..." QT regretfully sighed, already knowing all too well (even if he HADN'T been able to hear his thoughts) that Meow gaining actual common sense would pretty much inevitably end up becoming the absolute death of his and Dandy's endlessly degrading plans for him and his poor, POOR brain in record time as he rather hastily flew out of said brain so that he could (hopefully) fix what Dandy had ever-so-predictably ended up royally botching before it was too late.

"How DARE this utterly pathetic little runt even THINK about gaining the ability to think for himself at a time like this one? I SIMPLY WILL NOT ALLOW IT, PERIOD!" Dandy frustratedly and incredibly-arrogantly whined as he used his Grink Ray's SHRINK function to instantaneously diminish Meow's brain right back to its (indeed) utterly pathetic original size while QT resoundingly went "PHEW" in response.

"There really is absolutely NO way out of this, isn't there?" Meow increasingly-depressedly rested his cheeks on his hands and ever-so-lazily sighed as literally all of the intelligence and critical thinking skills that he had just inexplicably gained out of absolutely nowhere suddenly vanished just like that, rendering him completely hopeless yet again as QT angrily flew over to Dandy so that he could resoundingly and VERY well-deservedly scold him for his downright ridiculously extreme incompetence.

"DANDY, FOR CRYING OUT LOUD, YOU COULD HAVE FREAKING KILLED HIM!" QT exasperatedly threw his arms straight up into the air and ever-so-disgustedly yelled at Dandy, fiercely snatching said dandy's Grink Ray right out of his fearfully shaking hands (yes, Dandy was indeed somehow JUST enough of an absolute wuss to actually be frightened by QT, believe it or not) and then immediately using its GROW function (PROPERLY this time, mind you) to give Meow's pituitary gland the hormonal production boost of a quite literal lifetime!

"HOLY CRAP, I'M GETTING HUGE!" Meow frantically waved his arms up and down like a

hummingbird and bewilderedly yelled in surprise as his entire body suddenly began growing ridiculously tall, large and muscular, causing literally all of his clothing to just-AS-suddenly burst into torn and tattered pieces as he extremely-humiliated covered his suddenly extremely well-endowed crotch with his hands in response while Dandy and QT also (slowly but surely) grew themselves using the Grink Ray in order to adapt themselves to how ironically large his brain was becoming while the drivers, pedestrians and building-dwellers surrounding him speechlessly gawked in amazement at just how extremely...ahem...EXPOSED he now was.

"Hee hee hee, yup; YOU heard right! He's completely...NAAAY-KEEEEED!" Dandy immediately re-took his seat in Meow's brain cockpit (while QT equally-immediately re-took his) and then ever-so-teasingly informed his show's (presumably VERY largely male) audience, contorting his face into an INCREDIBLY toothy and creepy-looking ear-to-ear grin as he deliberately sang the last word of his second sentence in the most hilariously over-the-top and perverted-sounding way possible just to mock his viewers even more.

"WITH NO CLOTHES ON!" QT love-strickenly clasped his hands together and orgasmically wailed with massive valentine hearts in his eyes in a positively manic fit of pure crush-induced joy while Dandy audibly gagged and winced at the mere thought of what QT having such an utterly gargantuan hard-on for Meow more-than-slightly implied to be secretly going on between the two of them.

"Oh, sweet HEAVENS, this is so humiliating! I'm now LITERALLY the biggest dork in this entire freaking city, AND I'VE BEEN DEGRADED INTO COMPLETELY SHAMELESS FUR-FAG FAN-SERVICE!" Meow rather meekly buried his intensely blushing face in his hands and EXTREMELY horrified thought to himself as the fellow Neo York City inhabitants beneath him promptly began uproariously laughing in unison at his insanely un-natural-looking new "buff bishonen" body build, along with the exaggeratedly long, fat and floppy penis that the sheer magnitude of his artificial hormone production increase had given him.

"Hey, it still sure-as-Hell beats us living in your freaking BRAIN and having to go to all of the exhausting trouble of putting you into Sleep Mode and then sneaking our way back out of you just for food, you know!" Dandy folded his arms behind his head and somewhat self-loathingly chuckled while QT bitterly sneered "I DO know" at him in response.

"Well, then again...on the bright side, at least I finally get to take my anger out on the very same society that reduced me into this utterly laughable husk of my already DISGUSTINGLY pathetic former self in the first place!" Meow maniacally and swirlily-eyedly laughed as he effortlessly began swatting numerous Giant Monster Surveillance (GMS) helicopters out of the sky and COMPLETELY demolishing all kinds of buildings with his exquisitely animated bare hands while also crushing countless cars, animals and people into (rather gratuitously) bloody smithereens with his gorgeously detailed bare feet.

MEANWHILE, IN THE CENTRAL COMMAND ROOM OF DR. GEL'S SPACESHIP OF LIBERTY...

"Hmm? What's this?" Dr. Gel ever-so-curiously cupped his chin in his right hand and wondered out loud to himself as the Gogol Galaxy Street View on his/Bea's command monitor suddenly displayed a brightly flashing Code Red Giant Monster Alert on the Neo York City section of its New Earth map, presumably indicating that Bea's downright INSANELY diabolical (not to mention contrived) plan actually WAS, in fact, working exactly the way that Bea had expected (not to mention wanted) it to after all.

"An excuse for me to fly over to Neo York City in a Godzilla-sized and ridiculously muscular

mecha statue of Uncle Sam and then VERY well-deservedly beat Meow's sorry ass utterly senseless using said mecha statue's bare hands before THEN proceeding to also-very-well-deservedly arrest both him AND his fellow Dandy Crew fuck-wads for their downright transgressive incompetence once and for all under the cartoonishly thin guise of sending Meow to a mental ward, my friend; an excuse for me to FINALLY prove my TRUE worth as a villain to you and Perry once and for all! MWAHAHAHAHAHA!" Bea ever-so-deviously rubbed his hands together like a filthy little fly, increasingly-psychotically grinned from ear to ear and began VERY excitedly explaining to Gel in a rather disturbingly sadistic-sounding tone of voice...then suddenly threw his arms out beside himself, looked straight up at the central command room's ceiling and began maniacally laughing in a way that was reserved exclusively for THE most unapologetically bonafide of super-villains.

"Why, I couldn't agree MORE, my faithful and rather girlishly dressed sidekick! GWAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!" Dr. Gel rather nervously joined Bea in the act of throwing his arms out beside himself, looking straight up at the ceiling and laughing like an absolute idiot just to show off how extremely over-confident he was that Bea's plan actually WOULD, in fact, succeed (to be fair, though, Bea wasn't exactly dealing with much of a threat to say the least).

ABOUT FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER, BACK IN DOWNTOWN NEO YORK CITY...

"SIGH...being Godzilla is just so BORING...there's barely even anything around here that doesn't immediately break as soon as I touch it..." Meow listlessly groaned and sobbed, already rather clearly missing his old life and his old friends far too much to even be able to bring himself to actually care about destroying buildings and whatnot anymore as he nearly-effortlessly kicked and stomped army tank after army tank completely out of commission while aimlessly and very lethargically swinging his arms around in order to take out nearby attack helicopters and fighter jets (of which literally all of the firepower, along with that of the aforementioned tanks, appeared to have become essentially useless against him due to how ridiculously big and strong he himself had become).

"You know, it really is awfully funny hearing you say that with such conveniently perfect timing, MISTER, because if you want a freaking challenge, then let me tell you RIGHT here and now; you've definitely freaking GOT one, you annoying little SHIT!" Bea very aggravatedly jeered at Meow from within the cockpit of his ginormous Uncle Sam mecha as said mecha (which, for some reason, was also-rather-conveniently the exact same size that Meow had been grown to) suddenly flew straight down from the sky and landed right next to him out of absolutely nowhere (in a rather distinct American Salute pose, no less, just in case this episode hadn't already been trope-laden enough).

"ALL NEARBY ARMY SOLDIERS, PLEASE GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE ASAP; I'VE GOT A FRIVOLOUS, FREELOADING FAGGOT TO FIGHT!" Bea waved his Uncle Sam mecha's hands back and forth in opposite directions and rather suspiciously (not to mention loudly and rudely) commanded the remaining army soldiers who had previously been attacking Meow so that said soldiers wouldn't interrupt the clearly upcoming fight between the two of them; luckily, said soldiers obeyed his order and immediately drove/flew away in their (assault) vehicles, but definitely not without rather grouchily griping about how they "didn't get paid enough for this shit" as they did so.

"Now HOLD on a second, you god-damned cocky bastard! This isn't my FAULT, okay? I really AM being mind-controlled from the inside by a demented outer-space Elvis wannabe and a living toy vacuum cleaner, I SWEAR!" Meow got down on his knees, put his hands together into prayer position and increasingly-desperately began explaining to Bea, who already knew what Meow was talking about all too well but still pretended not to (so that the Dandy Crew wouldn't realize what

his allegiance was, as if his blatantly USA-themed mech wouldn't have already been more than enough of an indication of him working for the Gogol Empire if he hadn't been dealing with people who were as unbelievably ignorant and gullible as said Dandy Crew).

"HAH! Try telling that to a Supreme Court JUDGE, you mentally disabled cretin with equally annoying and worthless faggots for friends!" Bea downright-insufferably-sassily placed his Uncle Sam mecha's hands onto its hips and uproariously laughed at Meow's expense, officially pushing Meow COMPLETELY past his trolling tolerance limit once and for all.

"RAAAWWWWRRR!" Meow fiercely growled, his eyes distinctly narrowing with anger as he flexed his muscles so ridiculously hard that it somehow caused them to increase even further in size while "Ai Wo Torimodose" from Fist Of The North Star rather predictably began playing in the background (and also while Bea exceedingly-smugly crossed his Uncle Sam mecha's arms over its chest, repeatedly tapped its left foot against the ground and ever-so-eagerly waited for him to FINALLY finish powering himself up).

"ATA!" Meow began obnoxiously-high-pitchedly yelling like a stereotypical Chinese martial artist as he also began aimlessly flinging his arms out in front of himself in an utterly abysmal attempt at rapid-fire-punching the head and torso of Bea's Uncle Sam mecha hard enough and fast enough to actually inflict any real damage to it; needless to say, barely even a single dent was made, with nearly every single one of Meow's punches being effortlessly blocked by said mecha's arms.

"Wow, THAT sure did hurt a lot!" Bea sarcastically chuckled at the already bloody-and-bruised-handed Meow's expense before then using his Uncle Sam mecha to repeat the exact same tactic on Meow (except properly executed and with Bea yelling "MUDA MUDA MUDA MUDA MUDA MUDA MUDA MUDA MUDA MUDA" like a complete lunatic while doing it), violently shaking him around like a blood-spewing and girlishly screaming rag-doll for at least ten entire seconds straight before then finally yelling "OWATTA" at the tops of his ever-loving lungs and using his Uncle Sam mecha's right fist to deliver a downright obscenely powerful finishing blow that hit Meow right in the stomach so ridiculously hard that it actually sent him flying straight through several buildings, leaving the poor (space) cat nearly unconscious as a result.

"This (cough) isn't (sputter) quite over yet, pal...after all, I've (pant) still got the legendary (wheeze) power of Zen-Jutsu on my side, YA FOO!" Meow weakly, exhaustedly, nearly-toothlessly, bloody-nosedly and double-black-eyedly scraped himself back up onto his feet and rather arrogantly explained to Bea, with said "Zen-Jutsu" rather clearly being nothing more than a ridiculously over-glorified and quite literal joke that Meow had just randomly made up right on the spot as an excuse to stall for time while Bea just exasperatedly rolled his eyes and muttered "this fucking guy" underneath his breath in response.

"You seriously call standing still and thinking really hard ABOUT martial arts a martial art?" Bea ever-so-snidely and rather disbelievingly asked Meow from within his Uncle Sam mecha's cockpit as his way of calling the poor bastard out for his downright astonishingly incessant ridiculousness and stupidity, clearly trying incredibly hard NOT to laugh at Meow's expense as he did so.

"Hey, pal, as long as it works!" Meow rather indignantly replied, closing his eyes and standing up perfectly straight with his left foot pressed gently onto his right knee as he then proceeded to make incredibly stereotypical meditation gestures with his hands and repeatedly chant "OMM" to himself.

"Oh...well, in that case, I sure-as-Hell hope that you don't mind your concentration being VERY rudely broken, along with your BALLS!" Bea sadistically laughed as he used his Uncle Sam

mecha's left foot to downright SAVAGELY kick Meow's blatantly exposed penis right in its massive, bulbous and dangling testicles while the poor useless idiot's eyes were still closed.

"OOOOOOH...OH GOD, IT HURTS SO MUCH...OOOOOOGH..." Meow tightly clutched his intensely aching nutsack with both hands, collapsed onto his knees in downright agonizing pain, and then ever-so-pathetically began moaning, wailing and crying like a little girl while Bea just sassily placed his Uncle Sam mecha's hands onto its hips yet again and INCREDIBLY-disappointedly looked down at Meow's helpless and sobbing self.

"By the way, just so you know: the soldiers in my personal army shot you with TRANQUILIZER bullets, not regular ones. The bullets themselves might have ultimately been harmless to you, but their injection needles hit numerous secret pressure points on your body that led directly into your bloodstream. You don't even know that you are already asleep." Bea assertively pointed his Uncle Sam mecha's right index finger at the indeed rapidly-dozing-off Meow in a way that almost exactly mimicked the original Uncle Sam poster and incredibly-nonchalantly explained to him as the poor (space) kitten finally collapsed face-first onto the ground and passed out, with quite (and I do mean QUITE) a bit of blood leaking from his mouth as he did so.

"Well, at this point, I suppose WE might as well fall asleep too..." Dandy defeatedly shrugged and sighed as he and QT (the latter of which had actually just forgotten to recharge himself using the naturally generated electrical supply in Meow's brain) both closed their eyes and (for the time being, at least) officially gave up.

"Alright, Bea; have you successfully apprehended your target yet, by any chance?" Dr. Gel suddenly called the rather surprisingly normal-sized Bea on his smartphone and somewhat worriedly asked him as the sadistic little bastard ever-so-carefully flew out of his Uncle Sam mecha's cockpit (and then flew straight down to the ground from there) using a jetpack, revealing that he had indeed rather paper-thinly (not to mention creepily) disguised himself as a white and blonde female nurse for Meow-interrogating purposes as he did so.

"Oh, why of COURSE! He and his brain-dwelling cohorts will be right in the palms of your freakishly massive hands before you even KNOW it!" Bea merrily and triumphantly chuckled as he used his OWN (ultimate-edition) Grink Ray to simultaneously shrink Meow AND both of his also-mentioned brain-dwelling cohorts right back down to the very same sizes at which they had started their little mind-control fiasco.

"Well, okay then...see you later, space fem-boy..." Dr. Gel lovingly teased Bea, finally hanging up on him as he then rather annoyedly re-pocketed his phone in response before THEN using his jetpack to fly straight back up into his Uncle Sam mecha's cockpit, with Meow's unconscious body being (rather surprisingly) gently cradled in his arms as he did so.

"See YOU later, you freaking POSER..." Bea arrogantly and rather hypocritically sneered underneath his breath as he promptly re-activated his Uncle Sam mecha's foot thrusters and then ever-so-flashily took off into the shockingly beautiful Neo York City sky with his VERY clearly upcoming new mental patient in tow.

Chapter 7

ROUGHLY ONE HOUR LATER, IN AN INTERROGATION ROOM IN THE GOGOL SPACE ASYLM...

"Huh? Where exactly AM I, pardon my asking?" Meow (who was now wearing a bright-orange and rather unfortunately hat-lacking prison inmate uniform with the words GOGOL ASYLM printed onto the back of it in giant black all-caps letters) suddenly (not to mention FINALLY) woke up to find himself sitting in a rather remarkably rusty old metallic chair for an equally old-looking rectangular wooden table (at which Nurse Bea was now sitting directly across from him in a roughly-equally rusty old metallic chair) and ever-so-curiously wondered out loud to himself, duly noting how the old brick room that he was now seemingly trapped in was pretty much entirely pitch-black outside of the spotlight that was being cast over said table by its one and only ceiling lamp while Dandy also-finally woke up from his ever-so-cozy chair nap in said space cat's brain and shruggingly sighed "beats me" in agreement before then proceeding to promptly plug QT into one of said space cat's neural electrical sockets so that the poor severely obsolete robot vacuum cleaner could ALSO-finally recharge himself.

"Why, the local MENTAL hospital, of course! Where else did you honestly EXPECT me to take someone like YOU, you utterly demented FREAK?" Nurse Bea (whose name tag naturally called him Maurice in order to further "conceal" his true identity) intently held out his pen and clipboard right in front of himself and rather snarkily (not to mention hypocritically) chuckled at Meow's expense while Meow just exasperatedly rolled his eyes and sarcastically groaned "HA HA, very funny" in response.

"Oh, I dunno; maybe a BIT less dark and creepy of a room?" Meow shrugged his shoulders and wryly pointed out as he extremely worried-lookingly re-examined the downright freakishly extreme darkness surrounding the interrogation table to make sure that there actually WERE, in fact, no evil creatures lurking in it while Nurse Bea duly and rather shifty-eyedly noted on his clipboard that Meow was indeed "afraid of the dark"...well, except for the darkness in his own room, I suppose.

"Good point, I'll admit, but it also raises a far more important question about YOU, mister: HOW and WHY are you still so afraid of something as ridiculously entry-level as the dark after everything that YOU'VE been through?" Nurse Bea inquisitively glared at Meow from behind his clipboard and somewhat confusedly asked him, rather surprisingly being genuinely unaware of said behavior actually being the result of Dandy cranking Meow's paranoia level all the way up from roughly 8 to 11 while the sheer amount of fear-and-panic-induced bio-electricity that was now (incredibly rapidly and chaotically) flowing through Meow's neural network as an additional result of said modification almost-instantaneously recharged QT's battery power all the way back up to 100 percent.

"Mainly because it reminds me of the absolutely WRETCHED squalor that I've WILLINGLY lived in for basically an entire YEAR now...but also because there could potentially be so many horrifying MONSTERS hiding within it, much like how Dandy and QT are presumably hiding inside my freaking BRAIN as we speak! OH MY DEAR LORD, THEY'RE ABOUT TO EAT US ALIVE! RUN FOR YOUR FREAKING LIFE!" Meow tightly clutched his poor, aching head with both hands and increasingly-disgustedly-and-frightenedly began explaining to Nurse Bea, then concluded his explanation by hyperactively jumping out of his seat, running straight to the interrogation room's exit door (with the help of his natural Betelgeusian night-vision ability) and then forcefully tugging on said door's clearly locked handle (also with both hands) while

dementedly screaming at the tops of his ever-loving lungs about a rather thankfully non-existent flock of man-eating space chickens that he apparently thought he had seen lurking in the shadows of the interrogation room.

"Wow, what a freaking SPAZ!" QT (after finally unplugging himself from Meow's brain) rejuvenatedly clutched his chest with both hands and ever-so-merrily laughed at Meow's expense while Dandy ever-so-smugly folded his arms behind his head and chuckled "I KNOW, right?" in response.

"Hmm...o-KAY, then..." Nurse Bea VERY confusedly sighed while also rather nervously noting on his clipboard that Meow was indeed "an absolutely COMPLETE hyperactive lunatic that might even put Dandy himself to shame".

ONE FRANTICALLY KICKING AND SCREAMING MEOW HAVING TO BE TIGHTLY GRABBED BY THE ANKLES AND THEN FORCEFULLY DRAGGED BACK INTO HIS SEAT BY NURSE BEA (AND ONE QUITE LITERAL DIALING-BACK OF MEOW'S PARANOIA LEVEL FROM 11 TO 8 BY DANDY) LATER...

"Alright, so now that we've finally gotten THAT aspect of your personality out of the way, go ahead and be as completely honest as possible with me; what do you personally consider to be your most particularly extreme obsessions at the moment?" Nurse Bea (who now had several rather distinctly feline claw marks on his face and clothes) returned to his seat directly across from Meow and increasingly-frustratedly asked him while ever-so-meticulously-and-downright-narcissistically re-applying his precious "white skin" disguise makeup onto his newly acquired facial wounds with the help of his pocket mirror.

"Well, for starters..." Meow reluctantly began as he ever-so-nervously tapped his hands together and rapidly glanced back and forth around himself in order to make sure that no one (besides Dandy and QT) was eavesdropping on him, predictably suspecting but STILL not quite being able to confirm the fact that his new so-called "nurse" was CLEARLY just Bea in drag while Dandy and QT also rather suddenly began to FINALLY notice how distinctly eggplant-shaped Bea's head still was despite how much (artificially) longer and blonder his hair had become since his last time meeting them.

"Go on, spit it out..." Nurse Bea rolled his eyes, waved his pocket-mirror-holding hand around in a circle and rather impatiently groaned at Meow, who then audibly swallowed his pride, took quite possibly THE single deepest breath of his entire life, and then finally (even more reluctantly) proceeded to immensely self-loathingly finish his (insanely long run-on) sentence before Dandy and QT could finish it for him.

"...I've got a positively MASSIVE hard-on for robots, I love anime SO freaking much that I actually just recently WILLINGLY allowed my entire room to basically mutate into a giant radioactive mold farm just so that I could officially prove myself to be one of the biggest and most disgustingly stereotypical weeaboops in the entire universe, I like to have BDSM sex with humans while dressed up in a baby costume, I frequently have wet dreams about getting eaten alive, I only-slightly-ironically write fanfiction that sexually fetishizes the invasion of characters' brains by other characters, I love my parents SO sacrilegiously much that-"

"ALRIGHT, THAT'S PLENTY ENOUGH OF THAT! JESUS CHRIST, DUDE!" Nurse Bea ever-so-suddenly completely lost his composure, threw his pen-and-clipboard-holding arms straight up into the air and furiously yelled at Meow in order to effectively put an end to the annoying idiot's aimless rambling before he could be given the chance to reveal any MORE obscenely disgusting and pathetic things about himself; needless to say, Meow being "an utterly degenerate freak with

practically no self-respect whatsoever" was something that Nurse Bea most DEFINITELY ended up noting on his clipboard.

"Hmm...you know WHAT, Meow? If you really ARE, in fact, this blatantly crazy after all, then I suppose that we might as well just skip this stupid 20 Questions routine...not to mention the rest of your psychiatric evaluation altogether, except for the ending part where you and I will finally get to peek inside your ACTUAL brain using an amazingly advanced Cranial X-Ray device so that we can quite literally SEE whatever in God's name is wrong WITH said brain for ourselves; honestly, what's the WORST that could happen?" Nurse Bea exhaustedly threw his arms out beside himself and annoyedly but very (over)excitedly suggested while Meow was mind-controlled into clutching his head with both hands and maniacally laughing "THAT'S A WONDERFUL IDEA" in response; man, if only Meow actually knew just how frightfully dark of a turn things really were about to take for him as a result of what he had just agreed to do...

ONE SURPRISINGLY SHORT HALLWAY WALK FROM THE INTERROGATION ROOM TO THE BRAIN-SCANNING ROOM (WITH MEOW AUDIBLY TREMBLING IN FEAR AND REPEATEDLY GLANCING BACK AND FORTH AROUND HIMSELF ALL THE WHILE IN ORDER TO IRONICALLY MAKE SURE THAT HE WASN'T BEING WATCHED BY SECRET GOVERNMENT AGENTS) LATER...

"Wow, what an incredibly HUGE abundance of pretty LIGHTS this room has!" Meow joyfully sighed with relief as he and Nurse Bea entered the asylum's downright freakishly-perfectly cube-shaped brain-scanning room and saw the very truly massive amount of glowing-light-decorated computer/technology panels that completely covered its walls and ceiling like wall-to-wall carpeting.

"The better to power its brain-scanning machine with, my dear!" Nurse Bea smugly replied as Meow somewhat reluctantly seated himself in said heavily modified electric chair and placed its helmet (which, for better or worse, had a borderline-ludicrous number of multi-colored wires connected to it) snugly atop his head so that it could finally begin working its ludicrously unrealistic science-fiction magic on him.

"Umm...Maurice? Just for the record, this isn't going to HURT, is it?" Meow, after audibly gulping in fear, nervously glanced over at Nurse Bea and asked him while he just wordlessly and borderline-emotionlessly shook his head "no" in response (you'd better believe that an ever-so-slight hint of a sadistic grin was indeed most definitely beginning to creep its way onto "Maurice's" face as he watched Meow helplessly squirm in his seat and repeatedly beg it to not kill him, however).

"Well, OKAY then, I suppose..." Meow dejectedly groaned as he ever-so-tremblingly pressed the START button on the brain-scanning chair's left arm-rest with his corresponding index finger, causing its (rather understandably) extremely sluggish loading process (which was also proudly displayed in everyone's favorite "progression bar" form on the massive screen that the wall directly across from him just so happened to have built into it) to finally begin while Dandy and QT began fervently arguing with each other about whether or not it would be morally acceptable for them to use their nano-suits to make themselves invisible so that Meow would be forced to take all of the blame for his extreme mental instability and all of the immensely lethal and costly destruction that he had caused in his Meow-Zilla form back in Neo York City.

"Aw, COME on, QT; honestly, WHAT in God's name has THIS pathetic, good-for-nothing douche-nozzle ever done for US?! For crying out loud, we would actually be doing ourselves a pretty freaking massive FAVOR if we simply got rid of him and replaced him with someone actually competent!" Dandy exasperatedly threw his arms straight up into the air and began

furiously ranting at QT, annoyingly spraying a bunch of saliva all over the poor robot's face but also making a rather shockingly valid (albeit heartless, completely immoral and EXTREMELY cowardly) point about Meow as he did so.

"Alright, first of all, SAY it, don't SPRAY it..." QT wiped his spit-speckled face off with his hands and increasingly-disgustedly began explaining to Dandy while said dandy just boredly shrugged his shoulders and rather sarcastically complimented said remark from said vacuum cleaner for being "touche" in response.

"...and SECOND of all, I really am deeply sorry if you personally feel that I'm somehow insulting your so-called 'intelligence' by reminding you about this, but it's very clearly OUR freaking fault that Meow ended up in this absolutely dreadful living HELL that he now calls his 'life' in the FIRST freaking place! Allow me to repeat myself, just in case you somehow didn't understand me the first time; if we had just left Meow's manual brain controls alone and actually had the proper human decency to treat him as a...well, cat person rather than our GOD-DAMNED PERSONAL TORTURE-FETISH-QUENCHING ROBOT, THEN ABSOLUTELY NONE OF THIS CRAZY-ASS BULLSHIT EVER WOULD HAVE HAPPENED IN THE FIRST MOTHER-FUCKING PLACE, YOU COCK-SUCKING, DELUSIONAL IDIOT!" QT placed his right hand onto his chest and politely (albeit rather smugly and increasingly-frustratedly) continued explaining to Dandy, then suddenly completely lost his composure and began furiously screaming at Dandy at the tops of his ever-loving lungs, grabbing him tightly by the collar of his nano-suit and wildly shaking the absolute bejeezus out of him as he did so.

"OKAY, OKAY, JEEZ! I freaking GET it, alright?" Dandy rather annoyedly agreed, forcefully shoving QT away from himself with both arms while the poor little robot's brain suddenly (but thankfully only briefly) began short-circuiting from how ludicrously angry he had just gotten, causing his eyes to become rather goofily crossed while his body became completely paralyzed and a rather good bit of smoke began leaking out from the top of his head.

"So...does that perhaps mean, by any chance, that you're finally admitting that if we're the ones who got Meow arrested in the first place, then we might as well just accept our rightful punishment for what we've done TO him and go down WITH him like real men?" QT ever-so-awkwardly shook himself back into focus, clasped his hands together, hung his head in positively immense shame and increasingly-depressedly asked Dandy, desperately hoping and praying that he wouldn't say "no" in response.

"SIGH...yeah, I guess..." Dandy ever-so-lazily crossed his arms behind his head and regretfully sighed in agreement while QT wiped the imaginary sweat off of his forehead with his left hand and resoundingly went "PHEW" in response, trying desperately not to think too hard about how extremely different Dandy's answer could have been while the brain-scanning machine's loading process finally became roughly 50 percent complete (much to Meow's simultaneous boredom-induced relief AND imminent horror, MIND you).

"Ahh...so NOW it finally hits me...this all started one tragically horrible life choice ago, back in my very last year of Betelgeusian high school...and then THAT god-awful decision of mine led to MORE god-awful decisions of mine, and so on, and so forth..." Meow increasingly-anxiously watched the brain-scanning machine's loading speed rapidly accelerate and began introspectively thinking to himself while Dandy and QT very attentively listened to what his poor, POOR little brain had to say, already rather surprised that it actually WAS, in fact, naturally capable of producing such unusually profound self-awareness on its (admittedly) hilariously pathetic and obnoxious owner's part.

"After lazily dropping out of school right when I was literally JUST about to finish it and therefore

finally become qualified, albeit only barely so, for college, I had finally gotten to live my life the way that I had always wanted to...like a miserable, degenerate, lazy and pathetic slob with absolutely no friends whatsoever." Meow ever-so-hopelessly continued thinking to himself, hanging his head in nearly incalculable shame and trying almost-unbearably hard not to break down and cry as he did so.

"I hid my unspeakably awful grades beneath my so-called 'irresistible charisma' so that others would forget about them, or at least be slightly distracted from them...but I had forgotten how to actually LIVE like a real man in the process, instead deciding to hole up in my room practically 24/7, greedily mooch off of my friends and family while barely even giving them anything in return...and, of course, load this pitifully small brain of mine with literally ALL KINDS of disgusting fetish porn and BooBies waitress creep shots, rather than actual education or actually smart and non-ridiculously-pretentious entertainment of any sort whatsoever...gee, I sure do wonder what it looks like in there NOW?" Meow rather sweatily and tremblingly thought to himself (while Dandy angrily yelled "HEY, that's SPIKE'S line, ya FOOL" in response, causing QT to ever-so-exasperatedly face-palm himself in extreme hypocrisy-induced second-hand embarrassment) as the brain-scanning machine FINALLY finished loading, causing the aforementioned incredibly large screen that Meow was now directly facing to display what was undoubtedly THE single most stomach-churningly horrific sight of his entire (pathetic and miserable joke of a) life.

As said screen displayed an astonishingly crystal-clear HD-quality live recording of the inside of Meow's poor, POOR little Betelgeusian brain, he was admittedly rather unsurprised but still immensely disgusted and outright horrified by what he saw; his internal brain tissue had indeed become nauseatingly moldy, dusty and rotten from the sheer amount of generic pop-culture tripe and pornography that he had indeed stuffed his mind to its absolute bursting point with, his sanity wires were barely even able to hold themselves together anymore and were clearly about to fall apart, and worst of all, even his behavioral control cockpit had indeed become VERY unwelcomely occupied by not one but TWO absolutely disgusting sacks of abusive, freeloading shit named Dandy and QT!

"I must not fear...fear is the mind killer...fear is the little death that brings total obliteration..." Meow nearly-microscopic-pupiled-ly continued staring directly into his own literal brain and promptly began internally chanting to himself, taking numerous EXTREMELY deep breaths in a very genuinely desperate attempt to prevent his visibly rotting, bending and shaking sanity wires from outright snapping themselves in half while Dandy and QT almost-AS-horrifiedly looked straight up at the ceiling of Meow's brain and grimly waved "goodbye" to said wires in response.

"I will face my fear...I will permit it to pass over me and through me...and when it has gone, I will turn the inner eye to see its path...where the fear has gone, there will be nothing...only I will THROW MYSELF OUT OF THE NEAREST FUCKING AIRLOCK AND THEN VIOLENTLY STRANGLE MYSELF TO DEATH BEFORE MY SO-CALLED LIFE CAN GET ANY WORSE! HOLD ON, GRANDMA, I'M FUCKING COMING FOR YOU!" Meow closed his eyes and increasingly-nervously began chanting out loud to himself...then suddenly began maniacally shrieking at the tops of his ever-loving lungs with EXTREMELY wide-open and rather distinctly psychotic-looking eyes as literally all of his sanity wires resoundingly snapped themselves clean in half, causing him to brutally smash the STOP button on the brain-scanning chair's right arm-rest with his corresponding fist, frantically throw his brain-scanning helmet right off with both hands, jump right out of his seat, and then finally begin uncontrollably sprinting straight toward (not to mention thankfully-not-literally THROUGH) the brain-scanning room's exit door at quite possibly THE fastest speed of his entire life.

"HEY, GET THE HELL BACK HERE, YOU FREAKING LUNATIC!" Nurse Bea (after rather

diligently noting that "yep, Meow most definitely has, in fact, COMPLETELY lost his mind beyond repair after all" on his clipboard) frustratedly yelled at Meow as he began also-extremely-frantically chasing the poor bastard through the asylum's incredibly maze-like network of hallways.

"Holy Hell, I'm not even able to MANUALLY control him anymore!" Dandy increasingly-horrifiedly gasped in shock as Meow's Body Control Program outright deleted itself, causing the remaining data in his brain computer to become downright grotesquely unstable as a result while QT covered his mouth with both hands and even-MORE-horrifiedly gasped "NEITHER AM I" in response, with both of them audibly shaking in fear as they watched Meow (indeed) desperately make his way toward the asylum's nearest airlock at record-breaking speed, relying purely on the numerous wall-mounted "this direction leads here" signs that had been rather generously sprinkled throughout the asylum's hallways to guide himself as he did so; meanwhile, Nurse Bea ever-so-embarrassingly reached underneath his dress and forcefully stretched out the front of his (rainbow-coloredly polka-dotted) panties with (nearly all of the strength that) his left hand (had to offer), then rather confusingly (not to mention haphazardly) shoved his tranquilizer pistol straight into the resulting opening in said (ludicrously tight yet also dandily spacious) panties with his right hand as he desperately tried and failed to compete with Meow's utterly breakneck running speed.

"WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOING, YA FOOLS!" Meow shook his left fist and angrily yelled at the completely bewildered security guards watching over said hallways (of which literally none actually were, in fact, equipped with guns of any sort, due to Admiral Perry's downright revolting stinginess) as he rudely and EXTREMELY arrogantly shoved his way past them while "Nurse" Bea VERY over-dramatically threw off the entire non-panty-and-bra portion of his clothing altogether (for the sole purpose of increasing his running speed by reducing his weight, we SWEAR) and began recklessly, more-or-less-nakedly barreling right THROUGH said guards, causing them to fall right over like bowling pins (complete with bowling pin SOUND EFFECTS, no less).

"WOW, LOOK WHO'S FREAKING TALKING, YOU IDIOT!" Bea shook his right fist (while also-very-tightly grabbing his crotch with his left hand in order to help his tranquilizer pistol remain undeniably secure in his panties) and immensely-aggravatedly yelled at Meow as the show suddenly displayed the massive labyrinth of hallways that the former was now chasing the latter through from a "bird's eye" perspective, causing it to rather distinctly resemble a Pac-Man maze while Meow and Bea turned into giant head icons of themselves.

"HAAAH...HAAAH...HAAAH..." Meow exhaustedly panted as he finally, at long last, reached the asylum's waste disposal room and VERY determinedly (not to mention suicidally) readied himself to push the OPEN button on its obligatory airlock's control console.

"Alright, Meow, this is officially your FINAL warning; step away from that god-damned airlock control console RIGHT FREAKING NOW!" Bea quickly pulled out his tranquilizer pistol (straight from his panties, no less), pointed it directly at Meow's forehead and BEYOND-exasperatedly commanded the poor, POOR bastard after FINALLY catching up to him.

"And what if Meow DOESN'T, might I ask? What are you gonna do, stick him in one of your precious secret laboratories so that you can then proceed to perform all kinds of fucked-up EXPERIMENTS on him?" Meow VERY sassily placed his hands onto his hips, incredibly-seductively slunk his way over to the quite nearly naked and QUITE visibly terrified Bea and began sardonically teasing him, grabbing him by the shoulders and rather alluringly pulling him directly toward himself so that the two of them became quite literally face-to-face with each other as he did so; meanwhile, Bea just audibly, sweatily trembled and gulped in response, suddenly developing one of the absolute weirdest boners of his entire life beneath his panties as he did so.

"God DAMN it, Meow, how fucking hypocritical can you GET?!" Dandy threw his arms straight up into the air and infuriatedly chastised Meow while QT ever-so-sassily glanced over at said dandy and ever-so-smugly muttered "oh, I dunno, why don't you try asking yourself?" underneath his breath in response.

"GET your fucking HANDS off of me, you PONCE!" Bea disgustedly (not to mention even MORE hypocritically) yelled at the suddenly rather lecherously drooling, panting and blushing Meow as he forcefully shoved him away from himself with both arms.

"Oh, but what about the BUTTON? You clearly forgot to specifically mention THAT, did you not?" Meow pedantically teased Bea like only THE most completely insufferable of smart-asses as he very intently reached out behind himself with his right arm and then VERY gently lowered his right index finger onto the airlock's control console's OPEN button so that he was touching it but not actually pressing it, staring directly at Bea and contorting his entire face into the absolute KING of shit-eating grins as he did so.

"Meow, you fucking smug piece of shit; I'm giving you EXACTLY(!) FIVE(!) FUCKING(!) SECONDS(!) to let go of that god-forsaken button, I SWEAR TO CHRIST!" Bea increasingly-furiously and intensely-saliva-sprayingly shouted at Meow as he ever-so-promptly re-pointed his tranquilizer pistol straight at the poor, POOR little bastard's forehead and white-knuckledly, violently-shakingly clenched it as hard as he possibly could with both hands.

"Go ahead, pull the trigger; I freaking DARE you!" Meow mockingly laughed as he deliberately leaned himself directly toward said button while Bea quivering-kneed-ly and pants-wettingly began counting out "ONE...TWO...THREE...FOUR...FIVE" to him, still being rather (HILARIOUSLY) evidently too afraid to actually fire his tranquilizer pistol even after he had already finished said counting.

"Hmm...OH MY GOD, THERE'S A GIANT FREAKING BLOB OF MAN-EATING SPACE MOLD COMING DIRECTLY TOWARD YOU FROM BEHIND! RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!" Bea rather nervously thought to himself, then suddenly pointed his right index finger straight at the "control platform to floor" stairway right behind Meow and began "horrifiedly" shrieking at him in "absolute terror".

"AFTER YOU, SISTER!" Meow (who had presumably become so extremely delirious that simply hearing Bea describe said blatantly made-up monster had somehow caused him to hallucinate it into existence) reflexively began running straight toward Bea in order to avoid being bitten by said clearly imaginary mold monster, thus giving Bea the perfect opportunity to FINALLY put the poor lunatic to sleep once and for all.

"BANG." Bea ever-so-teasingly winked at Meow with his left eye and triumphantly said out loud as he shot Meow square in the forehead with his tranquilizer pistol, causing the poor fool's eyes to rather hilariously cross themselves in mismatched directions as he incredibly-anti-climactically collapsed face-first onto the ground and dizzily slipped into unconsciousness right in front of Bea's feet, of which Bea then proceeded to use the left one to frustratedly kick Meow right IN said face out of spite; surely enough, Meow didn't even slightly twitch his body in response to said kick.

A FEW MINUTES LATER, AFTER BEA HAD FINALLY FINISHED (MORE-OR-LESS NAKEDLY) CARRYING THE RATHER SURPRISINGLY HEAVY MEOW TO HIS DESIGNATED CELL...

"RIGHT where you fucking belong, you obnoxious asshole..." Bea very irritatedly sneered through VERY tightly clenched teeth as he forcefully chucked the now EXTREMELY tightly straitjacket-bound (but luckily still fast-asleep) Meow into his MUCH-needed padded cell before

then furiously slamming its exit door shut and even locking said door extra-tight in order to make extra-SURE that the poor bastard wouldn't be able to escape from said room.

"Good night, sweet prince..." Dandy and QT increasingly-defeatedly sighed, hanging their heads in some of THE most unbearably intense shame of their entire lives as they hopelessly waited for Meow to finally wake back up from his ever-so-relievingly intense slumber on the white, cushiony floor of his delightfully warm and cozy new cell; needless to say, neither of his increasingly intrepid and conscientious cranial stowaways had ANY idea how they were going to (inevitably) get themselves out of THIS jam, so to speak.

Chapter 8

(WAY TOO) MUCH LATER THAT NIGHT, ROUGHLY TWELVE HOURS AFTER MEOW HAD FINALLY RECOVERED FROM THE APPROXIMATELY-ONE-HOUR EFFECTS OF BEA'S LITERAL TRANQUILIZER SHOT AND THUS WOKEN UP IN HIS MUCH-NEEDED PADDED CELL, WITH MEOW CLEARLY HAVING REMAINED WIDE AWAKE ON THE FLOOR OF HIS CELL FOR LITERALLY ALL OF SAID HOURS...

"I...I was controlled this past week or so...literally CONTROLLED from the inside by those insufferable...little PERVERTS...serving as living fuel for their utterly RIDICULOUS fetishes..." Meow began eerily and bloodshot-eyedly whispering to himself, obviously referring to Dandy and QT (who just wordlessly and VERY fearfully trembled in response) as he ever-so-depressedly leaned his much-neededly straitjacket-bound self against the back wall of his cell and IMMENSELY regretfully reflected on all of the downright unspeakably humiliating and agonizing events that had effectively led up to him being put into the aforementioned (not to mention rather irritatingly tight) straitjacket that his arms were now trapped in.

"My poor, shattered MIND...it's so FILTHY...THE FILTH WON'T COME OUT!" Meow ever-so-disgustedly began yelling and sobbing to himself as he increasingly-nervously looked around his incredibly squeaky-clean and pure-white cell with his extremely shifty eyes, sincerely wishing that his (pathetic, crumpled-up aluminum foil ball of a) brain looked as astonishingly well-maintained as it did.

"HUAAAGH!" Meow loudly shrieked in abject horror as he (mentally) exhaustedly collapsed face-up onto the floor and began blankly (yet EXTREMELY open-eyedly) staring straight up at the ceiling of his cell, also-sincerely hoping that the (ceiling) light that he was now seeing as a result actually WAS, in fact, the light at the end of his metaphorical tunnel.

"HOLY CRAP, IT'S ALREADY FOUR IN THE FREAKING MORNING!" Dandy and QT both rather horrifiedly gasped in unison as, after being abruptly woken up by Meow's utterly demented antics yet again, they checked their smartphones to see what time it was and thus suddenly realized how downright freakishly long of a time the poor, POOR space cat had indeed most likely been awake for as a result.

"Sidekick...what a joke...SIDEKICK...sidekick to who and WHAT? A freaking narcissistic douche-nozzle who only cares about women and himself, and his shitty old vacuum cleaner that should have been thrown out YEARS ago..." Meow devastatedly continued sobbing to himself while Dandy and QT agreeingly shrugged their shoulders and shamefully hung their heads in response; although Dandy and QT didn't exactly seem to WANT to admit it, per se, they were both quite frankly beginning to feel rather shockingly bad for Meow despite how much of an overall-useless comic-relief annoyance he was and QUITE frankly always had been.

"HOW the women at BooBies LOVE Dandy...just IMAGINE what he's probably doing right now...jerking off in my fucking brain...making me the laughingstock of MILLIONS for his own sadistic amusement...he's a FUCKING FREAK! Nothing but a stupid, sociopathic, attention-seeking little freak..." Meow ever-so-seethingly continued monologuing to himself while Dandy and QT simply continued hanging their heads in nearly incalculable shame, increasingly-self-loathingly looking back on all of the utterly dreadful and downright inexcusably cruel things that they had now done to him as they did so.

"How easily...I could...end the farce...if only I were actually able to use these hands of mine...these DIRTY weeaboo hands of mine..." Meow ever-so-regretfully looked down at his completely

immobilized arms and increasingly-excitedly began whispering to himself as he stood back up and VERY impatiently began pacing around and around his cell in a rather distinctly circular and clockwise manner while Dandy and QT began to very seriously question how "morally unacceptable" it actually would have been at that point for them to just immediately put the poor, POOR thing out of his misery FOR him by graphically and bloodily dismantling his completely helpless brain from the inside while they still had the chance (just for the record, I totally WOULD have masturbated to that).

"AND if THESE hands were freed, I could quite possibly hold the FATE of MILLIONS with them alone..." Meow closed his eyes and introspectively thought to himself (for the record, Dandy and QT could have pretty easily just flown back out of Meow's body, grown themselves back to their normal sizes and then freed Meow from his straitjacket themselves...however, they already knew ALL too well that if they did that for him after what THEY had done TO him over the course of THIS episode, he would most certainly just immediately pounce right onto both of them, yank their nano-suits' extremely-easy-to-unlock-from-the-outside helmets RIGHT off and then savagely maul them to death with his bare hands and teeth anyway, with both of them already feeling way too bad for him and also wanting to kill themselves WAY too badly to even be able to bring themselves to properly fight back against him; also, Dandy and QT no longer being able to manually control Meow due to his sheer insanity effectively made putting him into Sleep Mode an equally non-existent option, basically meaning that the Dandy Crew was indeed, for all intents and purposes, downright irreparably fucked no matter WHICH of its members you looked at it from the perspective of).

"Dandy thinks he's a GOD...but HE'S JUST AS MORTAL AS WE ARE...believe me, I KNOW!" Meow promptly walked straight back into the center of his cell and continued psychotically rambling to himself as he then suddenly collapsed onto his knees and imagined that he was literally inside his own incredibly disgusting and putrid brain, VERY sincerely wishing that he was still able to violently wring his OWN neck with his bare hands as he did so.

"JUST...ONE...QUICK...TWIST(!)...and it would all be over...JUST...ONE..." Meow VERY deliriously and toothily grinned from ear to ear and orgasmically, droolingly and pantingly moaned to himself at the mere thought of violently strangling himself to death with his bare hands and thus finally ending his utterly degrading suffering once and for all...when all of a sudden, his brain COMPLETELY overloaded itself with envy and self-loathing, causing it to swell up to a nearly skull-bursting size and pulsate like...well, CRAZY as he began wildly rolling and writhing around on the floor of his cell while blood-curdlingly screaming in absolute agony.

"HWAHHHUAAGH! IT'S HAPPENING AGAAAAAAN! MY BRAIN! MY HOT(!)...STINGING(!)...BRAAAAAAAAN!" Meow horrified shrieked in pain as he suddenly began to audibly hallucinate the scorching flames of Hell itself completely engulfing him from head to toe.

"HRAAAAAAAAH! HRAAAAAAAAH! HRAAAAAAAAH!" Meow briefly got back up onto his knees and almost-literally screamed his entire soul out as he then rabidly and twitchingly collapsed onto the floor and completely passed out yet again while QT briefly removed his nano-suit so that he could quickly and quietly transfer the former contents of its pockets (most notably including his smartphone) into his also-WAY-bigger-on-the-inside chest compartment before it was too late.

ABOUT ONE HOUR LATER, AFTER MEOW HAD FINALLY WOKEN UP AGAIN...

"Gee WHIZ, lady; where in God's name are you in such an incredibly extreme HURRY to take me, might I ask?" the barely-even-awake Meow (who, in addition to his straitjacket, was now tightly

strapped into an upright gurney, complete with everyone's favorite Hannibal Lecter muzzle, in addition to having rather notice-able "bags" underneath his horrifically bloodshot eyes) rather worriedly and groggily asked Nurse Bea as said cross-dressing ponce rapidly pushed said gurney through several more of the asylum's many, many hallways.

"Obviously the emergency room, my FRIEND!" Nurse Bea ever-so-bitterly sneered as he frustratedly pushed Meow and his gurney straight through the last remaining hallway on their route to the asylum's surgery room so that his IMMENSELY unwelcome brain stow-aways (also known as his so-called "best friends") could finally be removed from him once and for all; needless to say, Meow was EXTREMELY grateful for this but also UNBELIEVABLY afraid of what Nurse Bea's surgical process FOR removing said stow-aways would most likely end up involving after how steamingly angry Meow had made him with their whole "chase scene" fiasco (in other words, literally no painkillers whatsoever).

"Umm...just for the record, does this person even HAVE a medical license?" QT rather tightly clasped his hands together and VERY worriedly asked Dandy, audibly shaking in his seat as he did so.

"Most likely not..." Dandy rather dejectedly shrugged and sighed as Meow and Nurse Bea finally reached the asylum's aforementioned surgery room, in which the rather...QUESTIONABLY bloody and nasty remnants of several incredibly horrific experiments on Nurse Bea's previous patients could VERY clearly be seen all over the place (in his medicine cabinets, in his operative reports, on the already rather disgustingly unsanitary floor and walls of the room, on his downright ridiculously painful-looking surgical tools themselves, you name it).

"Um...pardon my asking, but what exactly IS all of this?" Meow audibly trembled in his restraints and rather frightenedly asked Nurse Bea as he reluctantly looked around the surgery room (which quite frankly looked more like a surgery-room-themed BDSM dungeon) and rather quickly began to notice that even the so-called skeleton "replica" that Nurse Bea had set up in its back-left corner actually was, in fact, a REAL HUMAN SKELETON, fresh from the flesh that had originally encased it.

"NOTHING WORTH REPORTING, I SINCERELY PROMISE!" Nurse Bea rather suspiciously-hastily informed Meow as he even MORE suspiciously-hastily converted the poor mental patient's gurney right back into its default horizontal position so that his clearly much-needed (blatant sadism-fetish-quenching torture paper-thinly disguised as an actually professional and humane) surgical operation could FINALLY begin.

"My, my, what a big bloody HACKSAW you've got there!" Meow audibly flinched in shock and downright horrified gasped as he suddenly looked behind himself and saw Nurse Bea coming straight toward him with said big, bloody hacksaw and downright psychotically grinning from ear to ear in the process.

"The better to cut your entire head WIDE open with, my dear!" Nurse Bea ever-so-sadistically laughed as he dutifully snuck up behind Meow (while the poor guy ever-so-reluctantly propped up his head using his ridiculously long and deliberately un-restrained neck) and then promptly began bloodily and agonizingly sawing away at his fully awake and fully aware new torture victim's skull to his practically non-existent heart's content.

"HYAAAAAAGH! DEAR GOD, THAT HURTS SO FREAKING MUCH! MAKE IT STOP! PLEASE, FOR THE LOVE OF CHRIST, PLEASE MAKE IT STOOOOOP!" Meow violently convulsed in his restraints and blood-curdlingly (not to mention waterfall-cryingly) shrieked at the tops of his ever-loving lungs as Nurse Bea SLOWLY but surely sawed his way through the

outermost rim of the poor, POOR (space) kitten's upper cranium while ever-so-teasingly reminding him not to "squirm, sweetie".

"Hey, look; it's already over now, you adorable little BABY!" Nurse Bea scathingly sneered at Meow, disgustedly spitting onto his now-fully-exposed brain and then VERY carelessly tossing his hacksaw behind himself with his right hand while ever-so-smugly showing Meow the freshly hacked-off and blood-dripping top part of his own skull with his left hand.

"UGGGH...dear God, I think I'm gonna be SICK..." Meow green-facedly and somewhat light-headedly groaned in revulsion as Nurse Bea then used his Grink Ray to FINALLY enlarge the poor space cat's brain to an actually proper size for the skull that housed it with his right hand while (surprisingly) gently setting the aforementioned top part of said skull down onto the room's increasingly bloody and grimy floor with his left hand, before THEN proceeding to reach directly into said poor, POOR space cat's head with both of his bare, empty and incredibly filthy hands and then ever-so-gleefully rip the entire top part of his also-mentioned BRAIN wide open using said hands, causing Meow to cross his eyes in hilariously mismatched directions and rather absent-mindedly dangle his slimy and drooling tongue outside of his mouth in response.

"Alright, THAT'S IT, Dandy and QT; I'm giving you mother-fuckers exactly TEN FREAKING SECONDS to get the hell out of this stupid worthless cock-sucker's brain, or else he can ABSOLUTELY kiss what little is most likely left of it GOODBYE! Don't say I didn't freaking WARN you two!" Nurse Bea VERY exasperatedly commanded Dandy and QT as he intently peeked into the rather amusingly hollow interior of Meow's nauseatingly rotten and moldy brain and (surely enough) found the two of them obnoxiously lazing about in there as if they somehow OWNED the (freaking) place.

"TEN...NINE...EIGHT...SEVEN...SIX...FIVE...FOUR...THREE...TWO..." Nurse Bea EXTREMELY ominously began counting down as he increasingly-sadistically grinned from ear to ear and eagerly readied himself to rip Meow's ENTIRE brain apart from the inside out with his bare hands.

"OKAY, OKAY, JEEZ!" Dandy and QT exasperatedly (not to mention rather horrified) groaned as they FINALLY complied with Nurse Bea's order, immediately flying straight back out of Meow's brain and its surrounding head through the downright terrifyingly massive holes that said "nurse" had just VERY unapologetically made in both of said parts of the poor (space) kitten's body while said "nurse" ever-so-triumphantly smirked at the two of them (Dandy and QT, obviously) in response.

"Ah, FINALLY...I've got all three of you idiots RIGHT where I want you..." Nurse Bea maliciously cackled as he simultaneously grew both Dandy and QT straight back to their regular sizes using his Grink Ray so that he could then proceed to immediately (not to mention VERY well-deservedly) confiscate their nano-suits (with Dandy naturally having worn his over his regular outfit due to him being THAT type of guy) and tightly handcuff both of them, with neither of them even trying to fight back against said suit removal and handcuffing due to HOW MUCH they deserved it.

"Good thing Bea doesn't know about the SPARE arms in my chest compartment..." QT rather nervously thought to himself as Bea finally finished handcuffing him and Dandy, laughing ever-so-arrogantly AT said former brain-dwellers as he did so (luckily for QT, Bea already quite frankly wanted to fuck Meow's brain SO freaking badly that he didn't even bother to actually check his new prisoners' remaining pockets and whatnot for concealed items like an ACTUALLY competent villain).

"Now SIT DOWN AND WATCH as I work my MAGIC on this weirdly sexy beast, why don't you two?" Bea rather (disturbingly) arousedly chuckled, forcefully directing Dandy and QT into their designated spectating chairs (from which the two of them would rather unexpectedly-fortunately end up having a downright disgustingly perfect diagonal rear view of what he was indeed about to do, fully exposing both Meow's deliciously moist, plump and wrinkly brain and his own rather surprisingly shapely buttocks just so that he could sexually confuse and absolutely disgust Dandy and QT as much and as thoroughly as humanoidly possible) as he then stripped himself COMPLETELY naked (revealing his already firmly erect penis, naturally enough) and ever-so-eagerly made his way straight back over to Meow's head before THEN deliberately rotating the poor comatose corpse's deathbed (also known as a horizontally positioned gurney) in order to provide Dandy and QT with their aforementioned "perfect diagonal rear view" so that he could THEN proceed to...AHEM..."hot-glue" the poor guy's (beautifully soft, spongy and bulbous) brain back together.

"HOLY SHIT, IT REALLY IS BEA AFTER ALL!" Dandy and QT both EXTREMELY startledly gasped in shock as Bea intently reached back into Meow's head (which was now laying flat and face-up atop his gurney, ripe for the literal mind-fucking that Bea now VERY clearly had planned for it) and then rather meticulously sculpted the gigantic hole that he had just recently made in the top of the poor bastard's brain into an extremely blatant vagina shape with his hands, seductively raising his eyebrows (not to mention shaking his ass) at Dandy and QT as he did so.

"Well, as long as I don't get CAUGHT, I suppose..." QT increasingly-nervously shrugged and sighed, rapidly glancing back and forth around himself as he sneakily began opening up his chest compartment using the aforementioned spare arms within it (which, of course, were every bit as extendable and flexible as his regular arms) while Bea was busy being distracted by how incredibly hard he was now fucking Meow's brain.

"I really do have the absolute WEIRDEST of boners right now, I gotta say..." Dandy rather embarrassedly whispered to QT, causing QT to VERY disgustedly whisper "EWW, PLEASE KEEP THAT TYPE OF NASTY SHIT TO YOURSELF" back to him and rather surprisingly-rebelliously give him the classic "middle finger" gesture with his left chest hand in response while Bea repeatedly and ecstatically thrusted his increasingly erect penis directly into Meow's cerebral cortex, panting and moaning disgustingly loudly as he did so while QT reluctantly yet dutifully began recording the almost-indescribably grotesque and nauseating event using his smartphone (and, of course, both of his aforementioned chest hands).

"Now THIS is the type of thing that I like in a guy..." Bea loudly moaned with pleasure, vigorously thrusting his pelvis directly into Meow's noggin as he felt his rock-hard alien super-cock wholesomely bumping and grinding against the adorable little space kitten's delectably warm, soft, squishy, moist and fleshy brain tissue while Dandy and QT just speechlessly mouthed out the words "what the fuck" in response.

"OOH, YEAH, LET ME HIT THOSE TASTY, TASTY NERVES OF YOURS, BABY!" Bea lovingly sang with delight as he suddenly began pushing his penis even deeper into Meow's central nervous system, gleefully relishing the ever-so-wonderfully-satisfying feeling that he got from having the blissfully unaware alien cat's cerebral veins gently yet industriously pulsate against his equally throbbing shaft as he began visibly sweating from how incredibly close he clearly already was to reaching his sexual climax.

"OHHH...OOOOOOG...AHHHHHHHH...HOOOOOOOO, YEEEEAAAAAH!" Bea (ahem) progressively began moaning more and more loudly, then suddenly threw his OWN head WAY back and ear-splittingly shrieked in a positively manic fit of orgasmic ecstasy (not to mention electrocution) as his diamond-hard cucumber of a penis violently squirted out an entire cup's worth

of some of the absolute thickest and stickiest semen in his entire universe all over Meow's poor, POOR brain, prompting him to then immediately scoop up a downright revoltingly large portion OF said semen with his (bare) hands and use it to indeed...ahem...GLUE the enormous hole that he had previously made in the top of Meow's brain right back shut again.

"Jeez Louise, wait until his bosses see THAT..." QT snidely (but still shudderingly) muttered underneath his breath as he used his chest hands to hastily yet gracefully stuff his now-even-MORE-animal-abuse-evidence-loaded smartphone straight back into his chest compartment and then quickly but quietly close said compartment back shut again while Bea (INCREDIBLY luckily) STILL wasn't looking due to how downright creepily obsessed he was with Meow's brain (not to mention how busy he was gluing it back together using his own sperm).

"Man, I haven't had an orgasm quite like that one in WEEKS!" Bea ever-so-awkwardly scratched the back of his head with his (cum-soaked) left hand and rather humiliatedly chuckled as he finally finished...AHEM..."gluing" the disgustingly massive hole that he had previously made in the top of Meow's brain back shut, blushing so hard that it caused literally his entire face to turn rosy-pink as he reluctantly walked back over to his medicine cabinets so that he could get himself a good old-fashioned surgical stapler to apply the finishing touches to Meow's thoroughly desecrated head with.

"OHHH, MY ACHING HEAD...what on Earth just HAPPENED in there? And why is Bea NAKED all of a sudden?" Meow suddenly woke right back up and exhaustedly, confusedly and VERY dizzily groaned while Bea promptly (not to mention EXTREMELY humiliatedly) walked straight back over to him and then (rather surprisingly painlessly) stapled his brain EXTRA-shut.

"You REALLY don't wanna know, pal..." QT downright horrified replied, audibly trembling in his seat and even rather visibly sweating (despite being a ROBOT, no less) while Bea then proceeded to immediately grab the top part of Meow's skull right back up off of the floor (without even washing or scrubbing it, naturally enough) and then (obviously VERY painfully) staple IT right back where it belonged as well.

"I wanna DIE..." Dandy hopelessly sighed as Bea quickly converted Meow's gurney back into its upright position and then promptly pushed him right back out of the room's exit door, annoyedly whistling for the STILL-completely-baffled-and-stunned Dandy and QT to get up and follow him as he did so.

ABOUT HALF AN HOUR OR SO LATER, AFTER MEOW AND HIS FELLOW "DANDY CREW" MEMBERS HAD FINALLY BEEN REMOVED FROM ADMIRAL PERRY'S GOGOL SPACE ASYLUM ALTOGETHER AND TAKEN TO THE CENTRAL COMMAND ROOM OF DR. GEL'S SPACESHIP OF LIBERTY BY THE NOW PROPERLY-DRESSED AND UN-DISGUISED BEA...

"Alright, Gel and Perry, here you GO! Here's the entire trio of utterly hopeless and pathetic basket cases that you two were asking for, all in one absolutely DELICIOUS package!" Bea rather snidely teased Dr. Gel and Admiral Perry as he ever-so-callously pushed (what was left of) Meow right into the practically exact middle of their precious central command room so that the two of them could (downright disgustedly) see every single horribly depressing detail of how much completely inexcusable and outright fetishistically torturous abuse Meow had been put through by both his fellow Dandy Crew members AND Bea in the process of the incredibly evil plan that had led him and his cohorts to where they were now as said cohorts EXTREMELY regretfully walked into the room and then immediately took their designated positions to the left (Dandy) and right (QT) of Meow while Bea took the front position.

"Oh my ever-loving GOD...what in the Gogol Empire's good name have you DONE to the poor thing...he...he looks so MISERABLE..." Dr. Gel covered his mouth with both hands and loudly gasped in absolute shock, then suddenly began (rather surprisingly) empathetically sobbing as he outright-disbelievingly saw the utterly horrific and pitiful creature that Meow had been effectively degraded into by all of the unspeakably nightmarish things that he had been put through as part of Bea's plan; his eyes were so INCREDIBLY bloodshot and tired-looking that it almost seemed as if they were about to quite literally fall apart, his head had been STAPLED together Frankenstein-style, he now had to be physically restrained so ridiculously tightly (except for his neck...which, not counting his hands, was literally the ONE thing that he actually needed in order to kill himself) that it indeed made him look like an anthropomorphic Hannibal Lecter, he had become downright freakishly emaciated from his own sheer starvation, his fur was all dirty and messy and bloody, he generally looked sad and hopeless enough to outright kill himself several times over, he was no longer able to wear his personal favorite hat...to make a long story short, even the Gogol Empire had standards, and taking animal abuse (especially FETISHISTIC animal abuse) to such utterly outrageous extremes as what was being displayed here was just plain unacceptable.

"It's all OUR fault, good sirs...WE'RE the ones who made him literally lose control over his own life in the first place, after all..." Dandy and QT regretfully and shruggingly hung their heads in too many different types of shame to even count and rather mis-blamingly sighed while Gel and Perry rather amusedly chuckled at them for being so incredibly naive.

"For your information, Dandy and QT, BEA here is technically the one who took control over YOUR minds by making Mr. Narrator re-write you two into becoming heartless and petty enough to mercilessly torture your own best friend nearly to death just to spite him in the PRE-FIRST sodding place! Needless to say, he's got a metric TON of explaining to do!" Perry (surprisingly) politely pointed out to Dandy and QT, then EXTREMELY angrily sneered at Bea through rather tightly clenched teeth while Meow VERY reluctantly cleared his horribly worn-out and parched throat and then ever-so-exhaustedly began explaining what had happened to him so that Gel and Perry could truly understand just HOW MUCH of a heartless and sadistic monster his so-called "mental health nurse" actually had, in fact, turned out to be.

"Look, I know how badly you guys probably wanted to capture me..." Meow ever-so-depressedly began explaining while Bea, Gel and Perry teasingly snickered "yeah, RIGHT" in response, ironically being just as aware of Meow's overall useless-ness as Dandy and QT were.

"...but just think for a minute about how much my life has already started sucking over the course of this past series of days. I've been stuck with a pair of disgustingly sadistic, actually-kind-of-literal PARASITES that also happened to be my own besties living in my freaking brain and controlling me from the inside while I was FULLY AWARE of it...I've had even my most basic Betelgeusian rights, particularly privacy, taken away from me...I've been mockingly pointed at and laughed at by nearly everyone in the entire universe...I've been beaten to a pulp and then exiled from my own home planet by my own race...I've been forced to unironically watch Freddy Got Fingered...I've had my testicles brutally crushed by a literally fake girlfriend's stilettos, AND I've even had my own meticulously self-prepared food stolen from me right when I was JUST about to bite into it and then eaten right in front of me in the absolute rudest and most disgustingly selfish way imaginable by the so-called 'greatest hero in the universe'..." Meow VERY long-windedly continued explaining, shooting a downright NASTY death glare at Dandy (who naturally was far too busy deeply regretting what he had done to even notice said glare) as he finally finished speaking.

"Is there perhaps anything ELSE that you would like to add, by any chance?" Gel cocked his left eyebrow at Meow and rather curiously asked him, surprisingly being reminded quite a bit of himself by the poor guy but not quite being able to entirely pinpoint why.

"I wanna DIE..." Meow hopelessly sighed while Dandy and QT annoyed rolled their eyes in response (meanwhile, Gel just nodded his head and shudderingly whispered "I honestly can't blame you").

"Not THAT type of thing, you idiot; something that actually happened to you!" QT frustratingly reminded Meow while Bea immediately began desperately praying to God that Dandy wouldn't suddenly mention-

"That time when Bea literally FUCKED with your brain after 'SURGICALLY' removing me and QT from it, for example!" Dandy UNBELIEVABLY-disgustedly pointed out, shooting yet another downright NASTY glare at said literal (not to mention COMPLETELY frozen-in-shock) brain-fucker as he did so.

"That time when he literally fucked with WHAT?!" Meow mortifiedly and rather green-facedly shrieked in horror, with his pupils fearfully shrinking into nearly microscopic dots yet again as he quite nearly ACTUALLY vomited from the mere thought of someone actually doing such a downright unbelievably repugnant thing as what Dandy had just mentioned.

"Um...heh heh...HEH..." Bea frantically glanced back and forth around himself, drummed his hands together and began rather nervously and sweatily stammering, with his entire body audibly trembling due to his own sheer cowardice as he did so while literally everyone else in the room just exceedingly-seethingly glared at him in a rather distinctly "never been quite so disgusted before" type of way.

ONE RATHER RELUCTANT DISPLAY OF ALL OF THE DOWNRIGHT REVOLTINGLY GRATUITOUS ANIMAL ABUSE EVIDENCE ON QT'S SMARTPHONE (MOST ESPECIALLY THE AFOREMENTIONED LITERAL BRAIN-FUCKING VIDEO) TO DR. GEL AND ADMIRAL PERRY BY QT HIMSELF (USING HIS CHEST HANDS, OF COURSE, JUST TO FURTHER EXPOSE BEA'S INCOMPETENCE) LATER...

"THAT'S IT, SIR; YOU'RE FREAKING FIRED!" Perry furiously and BEYOND-revolted yelled at Bea, who then immediately got down onto his hands and knees and began ever-so-pathetically stammering "BUT...BUT...BUT..." in response.

"AND DON'T YOU EVER COME BACK!" Gel reassuringly added at the tops of his ever-loving lungs while Bea utterly-defeatedly buried his face in his hands and ran away crying like a little girl in response.

"So, uhh...assuming that you don't mind us asking, what exactly do you two have in mind for US three, as far as punishments are concerned?" Dandy shrugged his shoulders and listlessly asked Perry and Gel while the two of them were busy angrily muttering to each other about how they had indeed "never been more disgusted by someone in their entire lives".

"Well, as for YOU, Dandy, you're going STRAIGHT to the nearest Pyonium-harvesting machine so that YOU can know what it's like to have the life sucked out of you, not only as an incredibly effective power source for our machines but also as payback for the morbidly depressed living CORPSE that you seem to have fairly-willingly reduced Meow here into..." Gel pointed his right index finger at Dandy and ever-so-seethingly explained to him while Meow shot Dandy yet another astonishingly evil death glare in response.

"Fair enough, I suppose...but what about QT? What'll happen to HIM?" Dandy shrugged his shoulders yet again and agreeingly sighed, then curiously and rather worriedly asked Gel and Perry while the former's face suddenly contorted into a very truly wicked grin in response.

"Oh, I do believe that we've got something quite fitting in MIND for HIM..." Perry maliciously cackled, staring intently at Meow's rather crudely stapled-together head (followed by QT's distinctly vacuum-like body) as he did so.

"PLEASE, your OMNIPOTENCE; have MERCY!" QT helplessly, tremblingly clasped his chest hands together and mawkishly begged Perry while he and Gel exasperatedly rolled their eyes and rather scathingly muttered "you two already HAD your chances" underneath their breaths in response.

"After you've scrubbed Meow's brain SO damned clean that he can barely even remember any of the absolutely nightmarish experiences that you and Dandy ALONE have CLEARLY put him through over the course of this past week or so, THEN we can talk about mercy! GUARDS! TAKE HIM AWAY!" Perry angrily scolded QT and then rather loudly and assertively commanded the (rather suspiciously identical pair of) extremely expendable security guards of his that had been guarding the room's entrance as the two of said guards THEN proceeded to also-angrily escort both Meow and the "poor" robot vacuum cleaner (not to mention Bea) to the nearest hospital.

"Uhh...last but not least, before I forget, what about Meow? What's gonna happen to HIM after his mind's been cleaned, huh?" Dandy (surprisingly considerately) asked Gel and Perry while the two of them just boredly shrugged their shoulders and groaned "ehh, he's a useless piece of shit anyway" in response (not to mention unison).

"Wait, you actually MEAN that?" Dandy resoundingly (not to mention agreeingly) gasped in surprise, STILL struggling to even remember the last time that Meow had actually been more-than-slightly helpful to him and QT.

"Oh, of COURSE not, you utterly ridiculous BUFFOON! He's going to be quite literally, as well as metaphorically, BRAIN-WASHED into joining our Gogol Empire military forces as one of our top mecha pilots! His artificially increased intelligence will most definitely be of GREAT use to us, let me tell you!" Gel tightly clutched his chest with both hands and uproariously laughed (while Perry smugly followed suit) while Dandy just shrugged his shoulders and dejectedly sobbed "what have I done?" to himself in response.

ABOUT ONE HOUR (NOT TO MENTION ONE REMOVAL OF DANDY'S AND QT'S HANDCUFFS) LATER, IN MEOW'S DESIGNATED OPERATING ROOM AT THE GOGOL SPACE HOSPITAL, AFTER QT HAD FINALLY RE-SHRUNK AND RE-NANO-SUITED HIMSELF AND RE-ENTERED MEOW'S BODY...

"...and furthermore, the Gogol Empire has some of the absolute greatest technology in the entire universe at an extremely affordable price, complete with supremely badass giant robots that you simply cannot call yourself a real man without having piloted at least one of in your lifetime..." Bea boredly stood next to Meow and listlessly read off of the official Gogol website on his smartphone, resting his right cheek on his corresponding hand and trying desperately to not fall asleep as he did so while Meow, who naturally was still stuck in his (vertical) gurney and straitjacket, began repeatedly, droolingly and swirly-eyedly chanting "JOIN GOGOL" to himself in response.

MEANWHILE, INSIDE MEOW'S BRAIN...

"UGGGH...I'm REALLY not getting PAID enough for this..." QT nauseatedly and tiredly groaned as he used the abrasive side of his soapy, wet and bubbly cleaning sponge to ever-so-exhaustingly scrub (and scrub, and scrub) away at the extremely disgusting mold growths and dirt/semen stains with which Meow's brain was rather excessively decorated, thankfully wearing his rubber nano-gloves in order to prevent himself from being electrocuted as he did so.

ROUGHLY ONE MONTH OF (ACTUALLY USELESS) MENTAL THERAPY AND ADDITIONAL PROPAGANDA-SPOONFEEDING FOR MEOW (BACK AT THE GOGOL SPACE ASYLUM, OF COURSE) WHILE DANDY'S PYONIUM ENERGY MASSIVELY INCREASED THE GOGOL EMPIRE'S MILITARY FIREPOWER AND GENERAL QUALITY OF LIFE LATER...

"WOO! It's just like one of my Japanese ANIMES!" Meow (who had now finally been released from his asylum restraints in quite possibly the Gogol Empire's biggest mistake ever, due to Bea's deliberately false assumption that "his sanity wires would repair themselves on their own") ecstatically cheered as he used his massive new Gundam mecha (which, of course, was a giant robot replica of himself) to lay absolute WASTE to Planet Betelgeuse (starting with his own hometown on said planet) as revenge for the fact that his own people had banished him from it.

"Do you THINK God stays in heaven because he, too, lives in fear of what he's created? Here on Betelgeuse?" Meow's father helplessly huddled himself together with Meow's mother and dejectedly sobbed (while his other remaining kids besides Meow also did much of the same) as he and what little was left of the rest of his family desperately took shelter in their thankfully indestructible basement, completely unable to believe how much of a heartless monster they had somehow inadvertently raised.

ROUGHLY FIFTEEN MINUTES AND COUNTLESS LASER BEAMS AND NUCLEAR MISSILE SALVOS FROM MEOW'S MECHA LATER, AFTER MEOW HAD FINALLY FINISHED MERCILESSLY DECIMATING HIS ENTIRE HOME PLANET JUST FOR THE PURE SADISTIC FUN OF IT...

"HMM? What's this?" QT rather curiously wondered (after suddenly spotting a massive Meow-shaped mecha rapidly approaching the finally-non-organic cockpit that he was now in) as he aimlessly, lonesomely and EXTREMELY depressedly wandered through outer space in the Aloha Oe, already having essentially nothing to even live for anymore (no friends, no job, no life, et cetera).

"SAYONARA, DANDY'S SHIP!" Meow maniacally laughed and cried as he used his mecha to frantically punch and kick the living bejeezus out of said Aloha Oe until it violently exploded into smithereens...but never fear, audience; QT wasn't going down THAT easily! No, sir-REE!

"HA! This isn't over YET, you crazy brain-washed FOOL! I've still got Hawaii YANKEE up my sleeve, after all!" QT ever-so-suicidally chuckled to himself as he ever-so-conveniently boarded and (then) ejected the Aloha Oe's Little Aloha escape pod at literally THE last possible second before the main ship's aforementioned complete destruction.

"Despite my admittedly rather extreme desire to do so, I absolutely will not die...AND NEITHER WILL THE JAICRO EMPIRE'S DREEEAAAM!" QT extremely-melodramatically reassured Meow as he (disturbingly) bravely flew the Little Aloha directly toward Meow's mecha at full speed, then suddenly transformed it into said Hawaii Yankee (in other words, yet ANOTHER giant mecha, with this one being shaped like a Hawaiian man) as he ridiculously-exaggeratedly screamed the last seven words of his sentence at the tops of his ever-loving lungs while rather cleverly using his Pyonium-super-charged Grink Ray to artificially enlarge said Hawaii Yankee to the Mecha-Meow's size (while also artificially enlarging himself in order to match the resulting increase in said machine's cockpit size, just like what Bea had secretly been doing with his Uncle Sam mecha); you can bet your ass that there were a TON of anime speed lines surrounding him as he did so.

"GOGOL...PUNNNCH!" Meow valiantly yelled as he used his mecha's right fist to throw a quite literally earth-shatteringly intense punch directly into the Hawaii Yankee's (deliberately)

completely unguarded torso, sending its entire body careening through the galaxy at breakneck speed and completely shattering its reactor core as a result while QT used the last few remaining seconds of his life to grimly reflect on how much of an absolute monster he and Dandy had ended up turning Meow into.

"Despite your violent behavior, the only thing that you've managed to break so far is my heart..." QT listlessly sighed as the Hawaii Yankee suddenly emitted a brilliant series of lights before then finally exploding into extremely gratuitous smithereens that (amazingly and downright ridiculously enough) were almost comparable to those of the Aloha Oe itself.

Needless to say, Meow later went on to ironically rebel against even the Gogol Empire itself due to his own sheer arrogance and insanity, as part of an unbelievably massive killing spree in which he ultimately ended up dismantling the entire universe altogether (before then killing himself using a deliberate sleeping pill overdose, no less)...no need to fear, however, because all of this was just going to be immediately retconned straight out of existence for the show's next episode anyway, baby.

SEE YOU, SPACE DANDY...

(cue The Real Folk Blues, except with Meow singing it hilariously badly)

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